

FRANK LESLIE'S
THE LEISURE CLASS
NEWSPAPER

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THE LAST SUBJECT ACCEPTED FOR ILLUSTRATION BY MR. FRANK LESLIE—A LADY VISITOR READING TO THE INMATES OF THE HOUSE OF THE HOLY COMFORTER,
NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY MISS GEORGIE DAVIS.—SEE PAGE 418.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
NEW YORK, JANUARY 31, 1880.

CAUTION.

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NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York
City, N. Y. P. O. Box 4121.

NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed, as heretofore, to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

I. W. ENGLAND,
ASSIGNEE.

THE "TERRAPIN POLICY" IN FINANCE.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has rendered an adverse decision in the matter of the application to give preference and precedence on the calendar to the legal-tender test case, technically known as the case of *Julliard vs. Greenman*, in which the constitutionality of the re-issue of the United States notes, after their reception in the Treasury for redemption, is placed formally at issue, on the ground that nothing less than a full bench should sit in judgment on the decision of constitutional questions, and such a full bench cannot be had in the present protracted disability of Mr. Justice Hunt. We have before expressed the opinion that the question at issue, being one of legislative discretion and of financial policy rather than one of more or less doubtful constitutionality, is a question which should be disposed of by the legislative, rather than the judicial, branch of the Government. It was only in reluctant obedience to what seemed indispensable considerations of public necessity that the administrative branch of the Government devised, and the legislative branch of the Government adopted, the policy of legal-tender paper money in the year 1862. It was only after much hesitation and after painful, because unseemly, vicissitudes of opinion, that the judicial branch of the Government gave its sanction to so much of this policy as recognized the right of the Government to issue such notes under the pressure of military necessity, and even this dubious decision was not reached without transparent implications against the legality of such issues in the absence of a necessity overriding the normal law of peace and order under the Constitution.

That such a lean and starveling question as this should be remitted to the umptitude of the highest judicial tribunal in the land, when every consideration of plighted legislative honor and of public duty calls for its solution by the "assembled wisdom" of our legislators in Washington, is not an encouraging sign to the patriot who wishes to retain his confidence in the intelligence and courage of the nation's chosen representatives. It is known that the Republican leaders have been most forward in pressing for such a judicial determination, because of the hope they cherish that the decision would be adverse to the constitutionality of the law directing the re-issue of legal-tender notes, and, under the covering of shields afforded by the court, they had hoped to advance and take the position of the Greenbackers and paper-money Democrats as by a *coup de main*.

Meanwhile, it is only a Gideon's band of hard-money Democrats and of hard-money Republicans, under the lead of Senator Bayard, who seem to have the courage of their opinions. And yet it is certain that the mastery of the future is in the hands of these intrepid and enlightened legislators. Professor Von Holst, in his brilliant book on the "Constitutional and Political History of the United States," adventures the remark that the seven thousand votes cast for Birney in the "Log-Cabin Campaign" of 1840 were "weightier" in the scales of philosophical history than all the ballots cast for Harrison and Van Buren put together. The observation smacks rather of rhetorical antithesis than of historical sobriety; but it cannot be doubted that there is a grain of truth in this critical appreciation of the relative weight of the votes cast in that exciting and hysterical canvass. The future of that date was with the "Liberty Party," for the Liberty Party of 1840 were the forerunners of the Republican Party, who, in the fullness of time, destroyed slavery and took possession of the Government, while the Whig Party died of inanition, and the Democratic Party was called in 1860 to suffer under a stroke of paralysis, from which it has not yet sufficiently recovered to find the hard-money ideas that were imbedded in its brain before the war.

The New York *Times* truly remarked, a few days ago, that "the future" of the Republican Party depends more upon the financial policy it is now required to formulate and enforce than "upon the cunning of managers and the ambition of individuals" in seeking to get the weather-gage of the Democrats on the currency issue. The Democratic managers who engineered the proceedings of the late extra-session of Congress could teach their political rivals a profitable lesson on the practical utility of "manufactured issues," however ingeniously devised, for the purpose of carrying an election. Such schemes of "mice and men" fall an easy prey before the plowshare of destiny.

The weights of the future as well as of the past must be constantly placed by the true statesman in the balances of public discussion. It is for this reason that statesmanship rises to the dignity of a liberal profession in the highest of all arts—the art of government. It is a sign of political dry-rot in the fabric of the state when our legislators have neither strength nor courage enough to grapple with the most exigent issues of the time, but seek to shuffle them out of sight.

Under representative institutions the people are called to give formal expression to their will and wishes only on election days. After the election it is the representative chosen by the people who is charged with the execution of the people's will, and it is too much the habit of our countrymen to suppose that they have discharged the full measure of their political duty when they have deposited their votes in the ballot-box. In fact, the constant pressure of an enlightened public opinion should be brought to bear on our legislators at Washington, lest the public apathy should seem to lend countenance to the timidity and cowardice of our rulers. Spasms of political activity on election days, followed by months of political lethargy after the election is over, are sad indications of that decline in public virtue which is the sure precursor of the ruin of states.

Mr. Jefferson exposed himself to merited ridicule by that system of "gunboats" with which he sought to evade the necessity of creating a navy commensurate with our rank and dignity as a nation. This weak expedient was signalized in the political *persiflage* of that day as the "terrapin policy" of his administration. In like manner we have our political leaders in both parties who are anxious to evade to-day the necessity of making a clear-cut record on the question of the currency. They would fain postpone the further discussion of the topic until the next Presidential election is over; and now that it is certain that the resolution of Mr. Bayard will be reported to the Senate for debate on a majority report against it and a minority report in favor of it, there is a rumor that the obstructives of both parties will combine to lay it on the table, in order to smother discussion. This would be to import the "terrapin policy" into matters of finance.

IRELAND AND MR. PARNEll

THAT the people of Ireland are in sore distress cannot be doubted; that they are in need of immediate and liberal aid cannot be disputed; that the hearts and hands of our own citizens should be generously opened in their behalf every philanthropist must admit. There should be such an outpouring of material aid from the United States as would make the hearts of Irish sufferers thieve glad by its very abundance. The Irish, as a race, are as warm-hearted and generous as they are patient under suffering and brave in the hour of danger. It stands to the credit of such of them as have made their homes

in the United States, that within the past twenty years they have remitted to Ireland \$65,000,000 to assist impoverished relatives, or to enable them to emigrate to these friendly shores. They have ever been staunch friends of this country, and thousands of them have given their richest treasure of life and blood in attestation of their love and devotion to the American Union. For these, and other reasons, Ireland should be generously remembered in this the hour of her calamity.

But, while bespeaking the largest degree of liberality in favor of Ireland, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the cause of charity will not be promoted by Mr. Parnell's plans, as developed through his public harangues to the American public. It is greatly to be regretted that that gentleman, in the conduct of his mission, has deemed it necessary to blend politics with philanthropy, and to exalt demagogism at the expense of suffering humanity. Americans would belie their whole character did they fail to sympathize with the people of the "ever-green isle" in their distresses, their hunger, and resistance to injustice, whether practiced by Government or over-exacting landlords. But Mr. Parnell has erred in injecting into his scheme for Irish relief certain political matters for which he seeks indorsement on this side of the Atlantic. Thousands of our most intelligent citizens will keep aloof from Mr. Parnell because of the double-headed character of his mission. These people, unlike the party demagogues who play the part of satellites to the Irish agitator, have no axes to grind. They would like to serve a distressed people for humanity's sake, but they will do nothing which has the semblance of taking sides as to the policy which should be exercised by the British Government in dealing with Ireland as part and parcel of the United Kingdom. They do not care to denounce the Government of a country most closely allied to the United States, nor are they prepared to believe that the measures proposed by Mr. Parnell and his coadjutors are the wisest and best for the present or future welfare of Ireland.

They do not, in fact, either by word or deed, desire to express any opinion on the subject, and rather than have any charitable action of theirs misinterpreted, will refrain from making any sort of contribution through Mr. Parnell, or the political association which he represents.

In his public utterances Mr. Parnell has plainly given us to understand that no peace can come to Ireland until those who are now tenants own the land they till; that the present struggle is one between the landlord and tenant as to which shall be forced from the country; that it will require \$250,000,000 to buy out the landlord interest; and, finally, that if this purchase cannot be made, the present owners, as he hinted at Philadelphia, will be dispossessed through revolutionary processes. The organizers of Fenian raids and "Skirmishing Funds" may applaud the high-wayman's method of obtaining property, but Mr. Parnell will find that the sober-minded, deep-thinking people of this country, after an expensive experience of their own, will not give countenance to schemes calculated to embroil a country in civil war.

We give place to none in expressions of goodwill towards the tenantry of Ireland. We would gladly see each and all of them the owners of a certain amount of acreage in fee-simple, but there is only one honest way to obtain title, and that by purchase. The scheme advocated by Mr. Parnell can never make them owners of the soil. Any hope of a contrary character will prove as delusive as did the liberating scheme of O'Connell, or the Irish governmental scheme which flourished for a brief season in Union Square. It is not to be expected that the landowners of Ireland, any more than those of the United States, will part with their property otherwise than by just compensation.

To suppose that there is either philanthropy or generosity enough in the world to raise and contribute \$250,000,000 to enable the Irish tenantry to get hold of the fee-simple of the lands they occupy requires a stretch of fancy of which we are not capable. It is an idea which none but an impractical dreamer could indulge. So far, then, as Mr. Parnell's mission embraces this visionary scheme, it is a dead failure from its very inception. The Irish land question, as we view it, cannot be adjusted either by purchase or violence. On the one hand, there is no possible way open to the tenantry to acquire the enormous sum at which the lands are valued; and, on the other hand, there is no hope to make a forcible seizure secure against the Government of an Empire numbering some two hundred and fifty millions of people. If our own South, with its twelve millions of people, could not successfully resist the Government of the United States, there can be but little hope for a successful revolution by the five or six millions constituting Ireland's population.

No, the Irish land problem is not to be solved on sentiment or by the sword, but only on the strict principles of political economy.

That the present agitation is doing no good to Ireland, either at home or abroad, is plain to be seen. Mr. King Harman, an Irish landlord, full of sympathy for his people, recently said through the medium of the London *Times*: "I could show you easily that the present mad, and, in general, selfish and self-seeking agitation of those who are stamping the country has tended to aggravate the difficulty by frightening or estranging those who would or should have stood by the suffering poor. These things may be logic and fact, but the greater and worse fact remains that our people are on the verge of starvation." This declaration comes from a man now employing four hundred men in relief works, and engaged in preparation to give work to several hundreds more. Furthermore, Mr. Harman earnestly calls upon the British Government to give the people employment in the making of roads, and improvement of small harbors on the west coast, and bluntly says that the suffering people of Ireland would rather work and earn even small wages than be the recipients of unworked-for charity. When we compare the course of this landlord with that of Mr. Parnell, also a landlord, the comparison is not flattering to the latter.

It has not been our purpose to speak unfriendly of Mr. Parnell, but we could wish, for Ireland's sake, that he had not brought his politics to this country. It would, at least, have been to the advantage of the people he professes to represent—the people who, as Mr. Harman says, for the past three years have suffered by loss of crops and by depreciation in stock, and are now on the verge of starvation. There are channels through which the benevolent may make their gifts effective in banishing hunger from Irish households, and all who do not admire the methods or approve the political plans of Mr. Parnell may make use of them. We have only to add by way of conclusion the single word—Give.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE Empress Eugénie will embark at Southampton in the Union Company's steamer *Danube*, on March 20th, for the purpose of visiting and placing wreaths, etc., on the spot where the Prince Imperial was killed. The cabin occupied by the Prince will be placed at the disposal of the Empress, together with its original fittings. The horses and carriages used by the Prince will also be placed at her service. The Empress will visit the places where the Prince resided in Natal, and subsequently, with her suite, will travel by the route taken by the Prince in ox-wagons specially fitted for their accommodation. Her Imperial Highness will not disembark at Cape Town, but will go direct to Natal, where she will be received privately.

An abstract of the gross revenue of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland for the past year, as compared with 1878, has been issued. The gross receipts are greater this year by the sum of £2,182,978. The property and income-tax shows an increase of £3,454,000; the stamps come next, with an increase of £367,000; and the other items of increment are the Post-Office, £139,000; interest on advances, £80,000; and the telegraph service, £45,000. On the other hand, there was a decrease of £1,095,000 in the excise, £415,000 in the customs, £11,000 in land-tax and house duty, a similar sum in Crown lands, and nearly £370,000 under the head of miscellaneous.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* concurs with the chief organs of public opinion in thinking the British revenue returns most unsatisfactory. It anticipates that the receipts for the entire year will fall £550,000 short of Sir Stafford Northcote's estimate. It thinks that the gross deficit of three years will amount to £7,500,000, or, with the Indian loan, to £9,500,000. The *Gazette* is of opinion that Sir Stafford Northcote is preparing a surprise for the public, and that by dint of cutting down expenses in every direction he will be able to present a far more favorable Budget than most people look for.

In emulation of the remarkable success of the Portuguese African Expedition, conducted by Major de Serpa Pinto, the Royal Geographical Society of Spain are sending out an expedition under the auspices of Commander Abargues de Sosten. This gentleman, who is now in Alexandria, on the arrival of his personnel, with the necessary scientific instruments, etc., intends, if the Egyptians and the Abyssinians have buried the hatchet, in a few weeks to start for Massowah and proceed at once to Adowah. Under favorable circumstances the Commander Abargues de Sosten expects to be absent twelve months, and if not interfered with by hostile tribes or accidents, a very interesting and instructive mission will be carried out.

There will be a deficit of ten million drachmae in the Greek Budget for next year. M. Delyani hopes, however, to be able to reduce this sum to six millions by extra taxation upon tobacco, an expedient

for which the Greek Minister of Finance is indebted, we doubt not, to the genius of the English Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is a significant and notable fact that the falling off in the revenue of Greece is ascribable solely to the non-settlement of the Turco-Greek frontier question. The Hellenic Government have been compelled, in consequence of the warlike demonstrations of the Porte, to keep under arms a large force along their frontier. The Greeks openly complain, and naturally, that they have been put to this expense by the dilatory action of the Turkish Government, conduct in which it has been encouraged by the policy of the Powers.

Bishop Richards, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, is now actively engaged in pushing forward a scheme of his own for the civilization of 200,000 Caffres inhabiting his diocese. The project is medieval but practical. The Bishop intends to found two Trappist abbeys, one in the colony between Grahamstown and Port Elizabeth, the other upon the frontier amongst the Tambookie Caffres. An estate of 700,000 acres has been purchased for the site, and a tract of land on the frontier has been granted by the Colonial Government. The Tambookie Caffres are already disposed to agriculture, and the existence of model farms in their midst will be a healthy encouragement. The project will naturally be aided by the Cape merchants in London, and elsewhere, seeing that their own interests are so largely mixed up with the pacification of the frontier. In these days, when monastic institutions are considered out of date, it will be strange if a band of Trappists is the first efficacious civilizer of the Caffre.

The Jesuits are about to open a college at Cairo, having arranged all the preliminaries with the Propaganda and the Franciscans of Terra Santa. High Mass beneath the shadow of the Pyramids.

The Japanese are pushing their way forward steadfastly and persistently in the road of civilization. Their latest move is to send a commissioner to England to study its police system, the modes for the suppression of crime, and the general arrangements for the detection of criminals. They have already a pretty fair idea of how the Western nations deal with culprits when they are caught, for scores of Japanese students have passed with credit the examination in the Temple. It is suggestive of the growing importance of Japan that Russia has subsidized a large number of missionaries of the Greek Church to take up their posts in the country.

The increased attention which Russia is devoting to Japanese affairs is shown by the elevation of her representative at Tokio from the rank of Minister Resident to that of Envoy Extraordinary, his salary at the same time being raised to 30,000 roubles, or not far short of \$15,000.

ACROSTIC,

TO THE MEMORY OF

"FRIEND TO THE FRIENDLESS!" Fame, that far out-wins
Reaching for wealth through genius of the Twins
ART and her sister, MIND — brain-born of
Thought—
Nobler than title of Earth, its praise unsought,
Kings cannot mount such wings to Grace—
unthought!

Life stamps the man. In this rude world of ours
Ev'n Genius dies beneath the tread of Powers
Sublime in Ignorance! To him, whose might,
Lifting that human god-head to the light,
Informs the world how much there lives to save—
External be his peace, where Life smiles on the
Grave!

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

TO THE MEMORY OF FRANK LESLIE, BY THE
EMPLOYES AND FORMER EMPLOYES OF
HIS PUBLISHING HOUSE.

As soon as practicable after the death of the eminent publisher, FRANK LESLIE, a meeting of the Editorial and Art staffs, and representatives of the various departments of Frank Leslie's Publishing House, was called to take suitable action in regard to the event. A large number of former members of the Art staff were also present in response to the following invitation issued by Mr. Joseph Becker, Superintendent of the Art Department: "All artists who have been employed by the late FRANK LESLIE, are requested to attend a meeting in the Art-room of the establishment, Nos. 53, 55, 57 Park Place, on Monday afternoon, January 12th, at 3 o'clock, for the purpose of making arrangements to attend the funeral on Tuesday, 13th instant."

The meeting was held in the Art Rooms of the establishment, at Nos. 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, on the afternoon of Monday, January 12th, 1880, and was called to order at 3 o'clock by Mr. B. G. Smith, who briefly explained the objects of the assembly.

Among those present were John G. Shea, LL.D., Mr. David B. Gulick, Mr. B. G. Smith, Mr. Thomas Powell, Mr. N. Robinson, Mr. George J. Hager, Mr. Charles H. Webb, A. H. Guernsey, M.D., Mr. William Harding, H. M. Brandis, M.D., Mr. Charles McLachlan, Mr. D. E. Hervey and Mr. B. W. Tomlinson, of the Editorial Department; Mr. Joseph Becker, Mr. Albert Berghaus, Mr. James E. Taylor, Mr. Henry A. Ogden, Miss G. A. Davis, Mr. Walter R. Yeager, Mr. Frederick Oppen, Mr. B. T. Thulstrup, Mr. Augustus Schimdt, Mr. Walter Goater and Mr. W. Parker Bodfish, of the Art Department; Mr. Horace Baker, of the Engraving Department; Mr. John McCabe, of the Composing-room; Mr. Joseph L. Firm, of the Press-room; Mr. Michael Crane, of the Electrotype

Foundry; Mr. G. W. Heller, of the Counting-room; Mr. L. S. Moat of the Stock-room; and Messrs. Frank Schell, Thomas Hogan, John Hyde, C. E. H. Bonwill, L. H. Hopkins, Henry L. Stephens, John A. Wales, Robert Stewart, George F. Smith, George Le B. Hartt, Clarence Gray Parker, Phillip G. Cusachs, A. Zenope, Fernando Miranda, Charles Edmunds, Stephen Berlett, Charlie Kendrick, George R. Haim, Arthur Hayman, John Swinton and Frederick S. Cozzens, of the former employes of the establishment.

The meeting was organized by the election of John G. Shea, LL.D., as chairman, and Mr. B. W. Tomlinson, as secretary.

On motion of Mr. Hager, a committee was appointed to draw up a series of resolutions expressing the sentiments of the meeting. The members of the committee were appointed by the chair as follows:

Mr. N. Robinson, representing the Editorial Department; Messrs. Alfred Berghaus and Joseph Becker and Miss G. A. Davis, representing the Art Department; Mr. Horace Baker, representing the Engraving Department; Mr. John McCabe, representing the Composing-room; Mr. Joseph L. Firm, representing the Press-room; Mr. Michael Crane, representing the Electrotype Foundry; Mr. George W. Heller, representing the Counting-room; Mr. L. S. Moat, representing the Stock room, and Messrs. C. E. H. Bonwill and Fernando Miranda, representing former employes.

The committee having ratified for consultation, the arrangements for the funeral were stated by Mr. Hager, and it was resolved that the employes and ex-employes should attend the obsequies in a body, wearing the customary badge of mourning on the left arm.

Mr. Albert Berghaus related some affecting incidents of the brief illness which preceded the death of Mr. LESLIE, when he inquired affectionately as to the welfare of several old friends and associates in his professional career, and spoke in the kindest manner of all.

Mr. David B. Gulick followed, narrating an incident which occurred on the previous Tuesday night, when Mr. LESLIE had seemed to have clearly foreseen for the first time that his end was approaching. He had clasped the speaker's hand, and, speaking in his old, familiar and friendly way, had said: "My boy, my work is done." The speaker had responded: "Do you really think and feel so?" And the dying man had said, weakly. "Yes, oh, yes, it's done; it's done, it's done." And, after a moment's silence he had added, calmly and thoughtfully: "I've no regrets; if all men had done to me as I have done to all men this might not have occurred, and my only regret is for my dear darling." To the last, the speaker said, Mr. LESLIE was bright, cheerful and affectionate, and his intellect remained as bright as the noon-day sun. As late as the preceding Saturday morning he had issued instructions for the conduct of his business with his usual clearness and ability, and on that same morning the gentlemen in the office had received the gratifying intelligence that the crisis of his illness had passed, and that in a few weeks he might be expected to resume his position at the head of his establishment, with health fully restored and even improved by the ordeal through which he had passed. On that same day his devoted wife had intermitted her watch by the sick-bed to come to the office and attend to some duties there, but at a few minutes before noon there had come an urgent message which told of a sudden and alarming change and which quickly recalled her to his side. Then the friends who had gathered around him saw that the last hours had come, and at a few minutes before six o'clock Mr. LESLIE breathed his last, expiring so peacefully and painlessly that it had been almost impossible to tell the precise moment when his spirit had taken flight and his eventful life had ended.

Other brief tributes of respect were paid to the memory of the deceased, and then, the committee on resolutions having returned, the following preamble and resolutions were reported by Mr. Robinson:

Whereas, the untimely hand of death has removed from among us our dearly loved and respected employer, FRANK LESLIE, and

Whereas, in tribute to his sterling worth and never varying kindness, this meeting of his afflicted employes and ex-employes has been called together; therefore be it

Resolved, That we hereby express our unfeigned sympathy to his afflicted and sorrowing widow, with the hope that this earnest expression of regard on the part of so many who loved him so truly and loved him so long will at least tend to console her under her heavy tribulation.

Resolved, That we hereby tender our most cordial sympathy to his afflicted and sorrowing widow, with the hope that this earnest expression of regard on the part of so many who loved him so truly and loved him so long will at least tend to console her under her heavy tribulation.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted, and, on motion of Mr. Hager, were ordered to be duly engrossed and framed, and presented to Mrs. Leslie.

On motion of Mr. Gulick, it was further resolved that the resolutions be furnished for publication to the newspapers of the city.

On motion of Mr. Robinson, Mr. Joseph Becker was called to the chair, and the thanks of the meeting were presented to Dr. Shea, the chairman, for the able, courteous and dignified manner in which he had conducted the business of the occasion.

The meeting was then adjourned.

JOHN G. SHEA, LL.D., Chairman.

B. W. TOMLINSON, Secretary.

THE LAST RITES.

The funeral of FRANK LESLIE took place on the morning of Tuesday, January 13th. The day was one of the wildest and most inclement of the present Winter, a furious storm of snow and sleet prevailing throughout the morning. Despite the terrible weather, however, the employes of the publishing house, to the number of nearly three hundred, assembled in Reservoir Square, at Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street, with mourning badges, and proceeded in a body to the late residence of the deceased, No. 511 Fifth Avenue, and afterwards to the Church of the Divine Paternity, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, the central pews in the church being set apart for their occupation.

It had been intended that the remains should be carried by the pall-bearers from the residence to the church at the head of the procession of employes, but the stress of weather compelled a change in this part of the arrangements, and the coffin was taken from the house to a hearse in waiting and thus conveyed to the church. In leaving the residence and entering the church the coffin was preceded by the following pall-bearers: Ex-Governor Alexander H. Rice, of Massachusetts; Sinclair Tousley, President of the American News Company; ex-Judge John McKeon; ex-Judge John Fitch; General C. K. Graham; R. L. Kimball, Esq.; Erastus Brooks, Isaac W. England, Esq., publisher of the *Star*; Mr. Henry E. Gillig, of the American Exchange, London; and Whitehall Reid, Esq., editor of the New York *Tribune*. The coffin was borne into the church by Messrs. David B. Gulick, Albert Berghaus, B. G. Smith, George Ladd, John McCabe, and Michael Crane.

The chief mourners, from the immediate family of the deceased, were already seated in the church. They were the widow of the deceased, and his brother William, his two surviving sons Henry and Alfred H. Leslie, and Mrs. Alfred H. Leslie and her two children. There was also a large number of distinguished gentlemen present.

As the remains were borne up the centre aisle and deposited in front of the chancel, all in the church arose, and the choir sang the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," the soprano part being sung by Miss Laura Joyce. The services were then opened by the reading of certain well-chosen passages of the Scriptures by the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, beginning with the Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall

not want." Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox sang Mendelssohn's "Rest in the Lord," after which Dr. Chapin delivered a brief but touching discourse, pointing to the principles and promises of the Christian faith as the surest consolation in time of grief. He spoke feelingly of Mr. LESLIE's life and character, dwelling upon his benevolence, courtesy and kindness, both in public and private life, and the energy, perseverance and ability with which he had built up a business in which he was the pioneer, and which had for its mission the dissemination of literature and the popularization of art. His merits, he said, were best known by those that were nearest to him, and those who had known him the longest and the most intimately were the ones who loved him best. The present separation from him could not but bring pangs of the profoundest grief, but those who now wept for him mourned not as those without hope, for the coming of Christ had presented the whole subject of death in a newer and truer aspect than it had ever been known before His advent. We would not mourn for departed friends if we were assured that after a brief time they would return to us, and this is, in effect, the consolation that is assured to us by Christian teachings. It is true that the loved ones who have gone before will not return to us, but we may go to them, and what does it matter after a separation of friends whether the reunion be in this place or another, so that they be reunited? The confident knowledge that they will be reunited is the thought that is sufficient to assuage the grief of separation, and this it is that, under the loving dispensation of Christ, has removed the sting of death and robbed the grave of victory.

At the conclusion of the discourse the choir sang "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," after which an opportunity was given for all in the church to take a last view of the remains, the vast congregation passing up the north aisle, doffing past the coffin and leaving the church by the south aisle.

The body was attired in plain evening-dress, the features wearing a peaceful, natural expression, and the hands, which were folded across the breast, clasping long branches of palm laid there by the hand of his wife. The casket was covered with the black broadcloth with silver handles, and on the inside of the upturned, satin-quilted lid was a large silver plate bearing the simple inscription

FRANK LESLIE.

After all present had passed before the casket it was again closed and borne from the church to the bier by Messrs. Joseph L. Firm, George W. Heller, W. P. Hadwin, H. L. Bridgeman, Horace Baker and George J. Hager.

The funeral procession then re-formed and proceeded to the Grand Central Depot, where a special train of four cars was in waiting to convey the remains and the mourners to Woodlawn Cemetery. There the impressive burial service of the Protestant Episcopal Church was read by the Rev. Edward M. Deems, and the body was committed to a grave in the Leslie family lot, in East Border Avenue, opposite its intersection with Central Avenue.

THE WILL OF THE LATE FRANK LESLIE.

In the last will and testament of the late FRANK LESLIE, which was offered for probate on January 15th, occurs the following:

I do give and bequeath unto my dearly beloved wife, Miriam Florence Leslie, whose maiden name was Miriam Florence Follin, all the property, real or personal, legal and equitable, of which I may die seized or possessed; and I do particularly bequeath to her the trade-mark or name under which I have published newspapers and periodicals, and all my interest in the publications established by me and known by my name, and in the property connected therewith, which property I heretofore assigned to Isaac W. England for the benefit of my creditors, and which is now held by the said England, subject to a certain agreement between my creditors and myself, made October 4th, 1877, whereby the said property was to be held by Trustees and to revert to me at the expiration of three years from the 1st day of January, 1878, or sooner if the profits of the business should sooner pay the debts for the security of which the said property was assigned. * * * And it is my will that my said wife shall take my place in the said agreements with the creditors, and perform the same on my part; and, after the expiration and performance of said agreement with my creditors shall continue the business of publishing, under the name and trade-mark of Frank Leslie, the various publications which have been established by me, and in the establishment of which she has contributed largely, and shall have the power and right to deal with and dispose of the same for her own use and benefit, free and clear of all claims of any other person whatever.

THE SUM OF \$92,656.943 HAS BEEN ACCUMULATED IN THE SINKING FUND SINCE THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION CAME INTO POWER.

IN SPITE OF THE AGITATION OF TRADE ORGANIZATIONS THERE IS A GROWING BELIEF THAT OUR LARGE AND EXPENSIVE PENAL INSTITUTIONS SHOULD BE RENDERED AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE SELF-SUPPORTING. AN ARGUMENT IN FAVOR OF THIS BELIEF, COMMONLY USED, IS THAT IT IS NOT JUST TO TAX THE PEOPLE TO MAINTAIN CONVICTS IN IDLENESS. THIS IS MET WITH THE OBJECTION OF THE TRADESMEN THAT IT IS NOT JUST THAT THE MORE CHEAPLY PRODUCED WORK OF THE CONVICT SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO ENTER INTO COMPETITION WITH THAT OF THE HONEST, LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN WHO HAS TO SUPPORT HIMSELF WITHOUT ANY STATE AID. THE QUESTION OF EMPLOYING OR UTILIZING THE CONVICT LABOR IN STATE PRISONS HAS ENTERED LARGELY INTO THE POLITICS OF THE DAY, AND FROM THE WAY IT IS TREATED IT IS EVIDENTLY REGARDED AS A VERY UNPLEASANT SUBJECT TO HANDLE. STILL THE EFFORT TO USE THIS "PENT UP ENERGY" IS GAINING GROUND IN MANY OF THE STATES. IT IS WELL-KNOWN THAT THE PRISON AT SING SING, N. Y., EARNS A HANDSOME PROFIT EVERY YEAR, THE AMOUNT FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER LAST ALONE BEING OVER \$3,000. LAST YEAR THE MARYLAND PENITENTIARY EARNED NEARLY \$20,000, AND TURNED INTO THE STATE TREASURY \$13,000, WHILE THE STATE PENITENTIARY OF MISSOURI, FOR THE SAME TIME, RECEIVED \$117,349 AS THE VALUE OF THE WHOLE LABOR OF ITS INMATES, AND, AFTER PAYING ALL EXPENSES, TURNED INTO THE TREASURY A PROFIT OF \$18,844. IN THE SOUTH THE PRACTICE OF HIRING OUT CONVICTS TO WORK ON RAILROADS, WORKS OF PUBLIC IMPROVEMENT, AND EVEN ON FARMS, IS QUITE GENERAL. IN GEORGIA THE LAW IS SO FRAMED THAT A WOMAN WAS ALLOWED TO HIRE HER HUSBAND, SENTENCED TO TWENTY YEARS' IMPRISONMENT, FOR A SMALL ANNUAL SUM, AND HE IS NOW LEGALLY WORKING FOR HER AS IF HE HAD COMMITTED NO CRIME. THE LATEST ATTEMPT TO MAKE PRISONERS WORK AND TO APPLY THE PROFITS TO THEIR SUPPORT IS IN THE FORM OF AN APPLICATION BY THE SECRETARY OF WAR FOR PERMISSION TO ENABLE THE DEPARTMENT TO APPLY THE PROCEEDS OF THE LABOR OF THE PRISONERS CONFINED IN THE MILITARY PRISON AT LEAVENWORTH, KAN., TOWARDS THE SUPPORT OF THE SCRIPTURES BY THE REV. DR. E. H. CHAPIN, BEGINNING WITH THE PSALM, "THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

GOVERNOR-ELECT FOSTER of Ohio was inaugurated January 12th.

MAYOR COOPER has reappointed the second Rapid Transit Commission.

CONGRESSMAN JAMES A. GARFIELD was elected United States Senator to succeed Mr. Thurman, of Ohio, on January 13th.

GOVERNOR GEAN's Message to the Iowa Legislature, which met on January 12th, shows a State debt of only \$645,435.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL KEY has submitted an elaborate report on the use of the mails for fraudulent purposes to Congress.

A TRACT OF 25,000 ACRES OF LAND IN GREELEY COUNTY, NEB., WILL BE OPENED TO EMIGRANTS BY THE CATHOLIC COLONIZATION SOCIETY, FEBRUARY 15TH.

THE ARGUMENT OF COUNSEL IN THE HAYDEN CASE AT NEW HAVEN BEGAN ON JANUARY 14TH, AND THE CASE WENT TO THE JURY ON THE 16TH, THAT BEING THE FIFTY-FIFTH DAY OF THE TRIAL.

NEW JERSEY'S LEGISLATURE MET AND ORGANIZED ON JANUARY 13TH, GENERAL SEWELL BEING ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE; MR. SHERMAN B. OVIATT, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

ON JANUARY 13TH BILLS WERE INTRODUCED INTO THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY PROVIDING FOR THE ELECTION OF PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS BY CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS, AND TO RENDER WOMEN ELIGIBLE TO HOLD SCHOOL OFFICES.

A LARGE MEETING OF CITIZENS TO FURTHER THE WORK OF THE TWO WORLD'S FAIR COMMITTEES, WHO ARE JOINTLY ARRANGING THE PRELIMINARIES OF THE EXPOSITION TO BE HELD AT NEW YORK IN 1883, WAS HELD ON JANUARY 14TH.

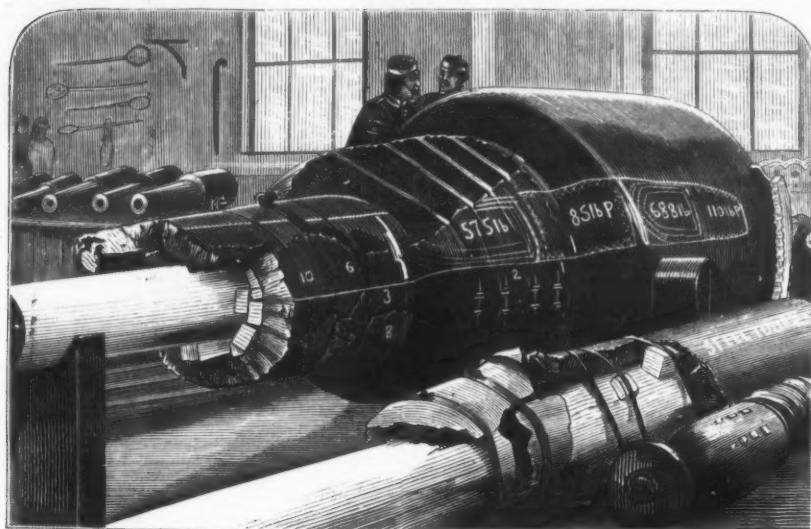
WILLIAM T. HAMILTON WAS INAUGURATED GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND ON JANUARY 14TH, IN THE SENATE CHAMBER, IN THE PRESENCE OF BOTH HOUSES OF THE LEGISLATURE, THE JUDGES OF THE COURT OF APPEALS, AND OTHER STATE OFFICERS.

THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT IS IN RECEIPT OF INFORMATION THAT THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT HAS ISSUED ORDERS (WHICH TOOK EFFECT ON THE 1ST INST.) UNDER WHICH SHEEP FROM THE UNITED STATES MAY BE LANDED IN IRELAND WITHOUT QUARANTINE, AND WITHOUT BEING SLAUGHTERED AT THE PLACE OF LANDED.

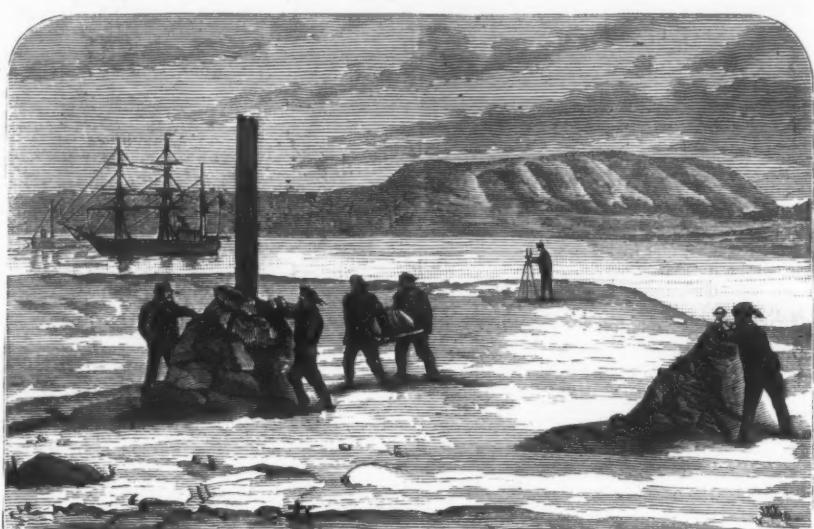
THE LEGISLATURE OF WISCONSIN MET JANUARY 14TH. THE SENATE WAS ORGANIZED BY THE ELECTION OF SENATOR SCOTT AS PRESIDENT *PRO TEM.*, AND CHARLES E. BROSS AS CHIEF CLERK. IN THE ASSEMBLY, MR. ARNOLD, OF TREMPLEAU COUNTY, WAS ELECTED SPEAKER, AND JOHN E. ELDRED, OF MILWAUKEE, CHIEF CLERK.

A COMMITTEE OF THE CLERGY AND CONGREGATIONS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES HAVE OBTAINED FROM ARCHBISHOP PURCELL AN AUTHORIZATION TO EMPLOY COUNSEL TO OPOSE THE SALE OF ALL THE CHURCH PROPERTY, UNDER AN ORDER OF THE COURT OF COMMON PLEASES, FOR WHICH THE ARCHBISHOP'S ASSIGNEE, MR. MANNIX, HAS APPLIED. THEY WILL TAKE THE GROUND THAT, ALTHOUGH THE ARCHBISHOP

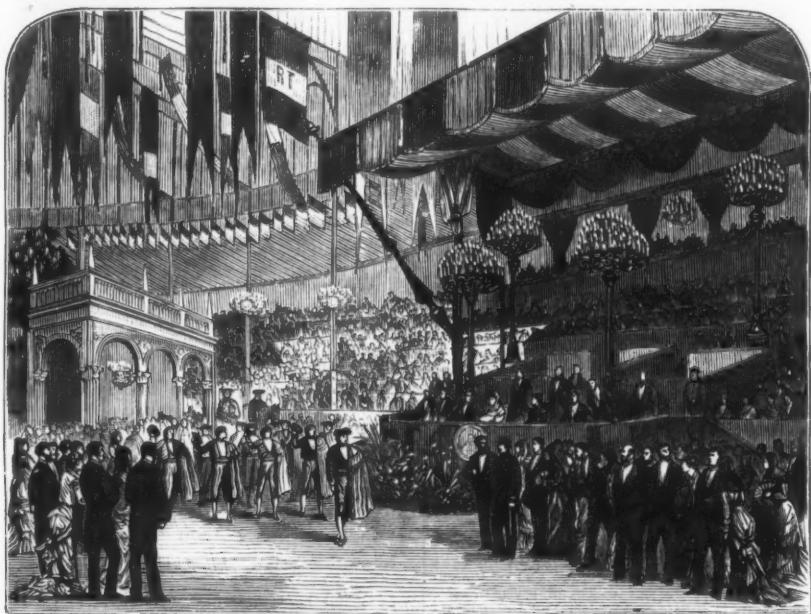
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 407.



ENGLAND.—THE BURST GUN OF THE "THUNDERER" AT WOOLWICH.



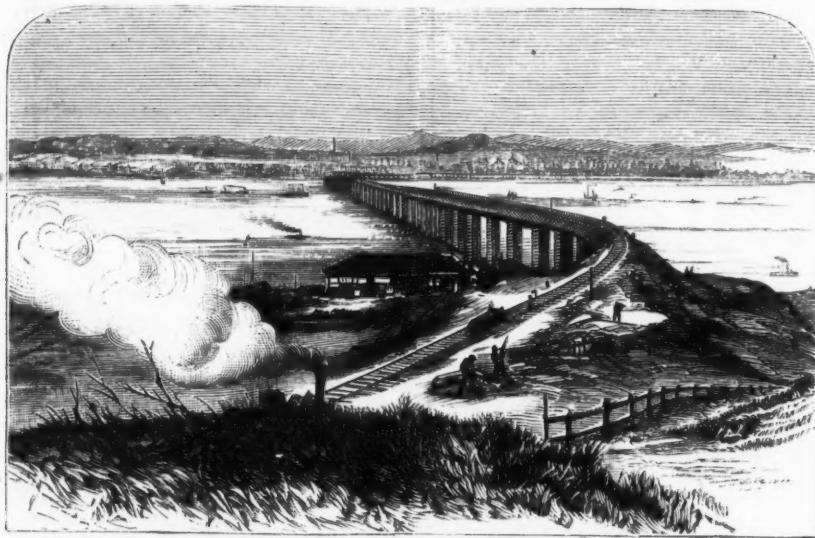
ASIA.—NORDENSKJOLD'S TABLET AT CAPE CHELYUSKEN.



FRANCE.—PARADE OF TOREROS BEFORE EX-QUEEN ISABELLA, PARIS.



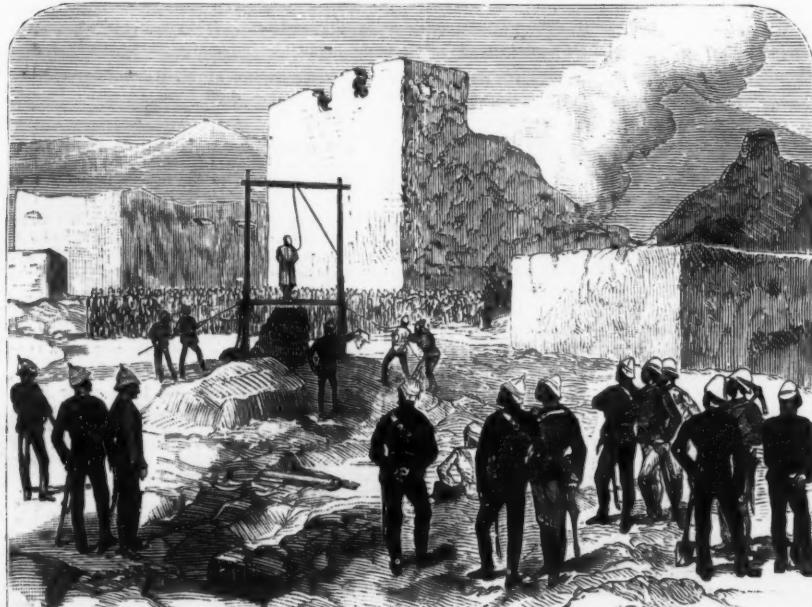
SOUTH AFRICA.—THE FINAL ASSAULT ON MOROSI'S MOUNTAIN.



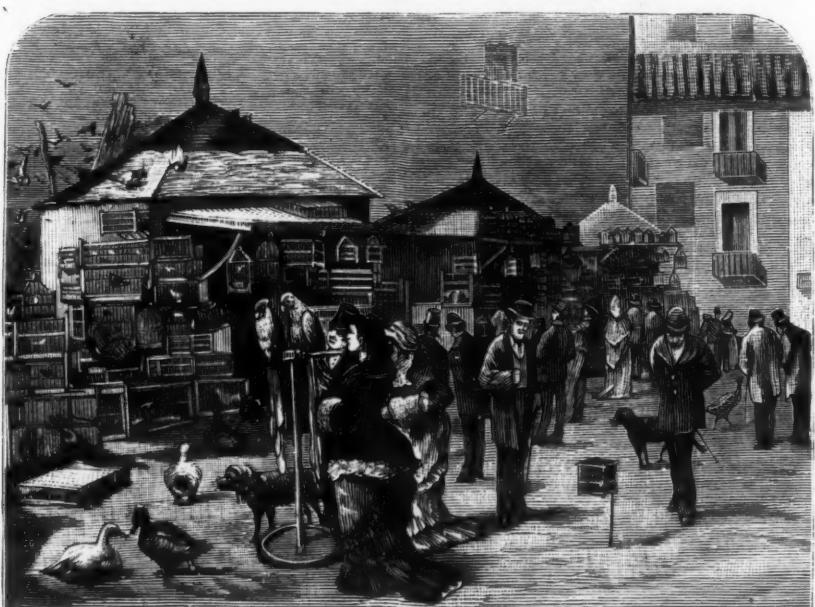
SCOTLAND.—VIEW OF THE BRIDGE FROM TAYSIDE.



SCOTLAND.—THE TAY BRIDGE SHORTLY AFTER THE ACCIDENT.



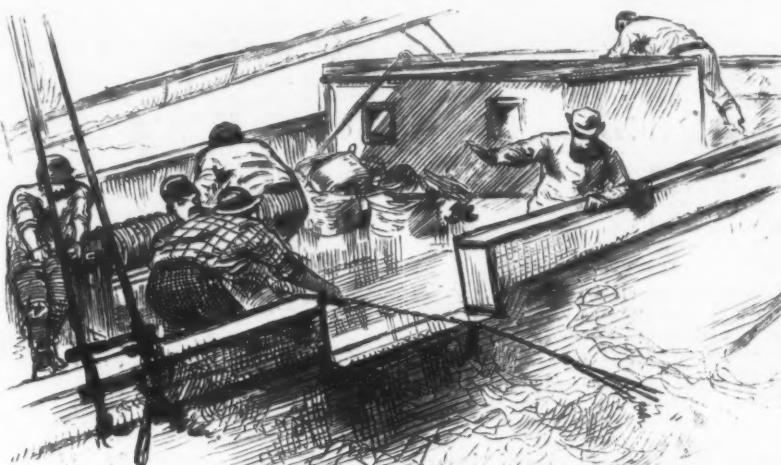
AFGHANISTAN.—THE EXECUTIONS OUTSIDE OF THE BRITISH AGENCY, AT CABUL.



SPAIN.—A PARROT-VENDER AT MADRID.

THE OYSTER WAR IN VIRGINIA.

LAST Summer we gave illustrations of the oyster business in Chesapeake Bay, with details of the operations of the owners of the oyster beds in that locality. The rights of the owners, however, seem to have been seriously interfered with by parties from Baltimore, consisting of roughs, dockrats, and bad fellows generally, who, in fast-sailing boats, visit the Bay and drag for oysters on the private grounds of the Bay. The aid of the police has been invoked, but the marauders are on the constant watch for police boats, which they detect, however disguised they may be, and inasmuch as the boats are not remarkable for speed, the rascals manage to escape. Under these circumstances, active operations have been commenced at Richmond, Virginia, against those piratical vessels. The land and naval forces of the State are to be called out to capture the vessels and put a stop to oyster-digging by alien ships. This warlike course is indicated by the passage of a joint resolution in the House of Delegates, which states that in view of the depredations by marauding vessels in the waters on the Eastern Shore, and the outrages on the people along the banks of the Rappahannock River by the crews of such vessels, several of which have committed murders, the sum of \$1,500 is appropriated to enforce the oyster laws in that section. Dr. Pitt, the delegate from Lancaster County, the citizens of which have been so outrageously victimized, said that there is now quite a fleet, numbering some thirty odd of these vessels, in the mouth of the Rappahannock River, violating the oyster laws of the State; that the local authorities are powerless to prevent them, and that two citizens of the county had been murdered by these non-resident pirates. It is proposed to fit out an armed expedition consisting of a vessel—steamer, if pos-

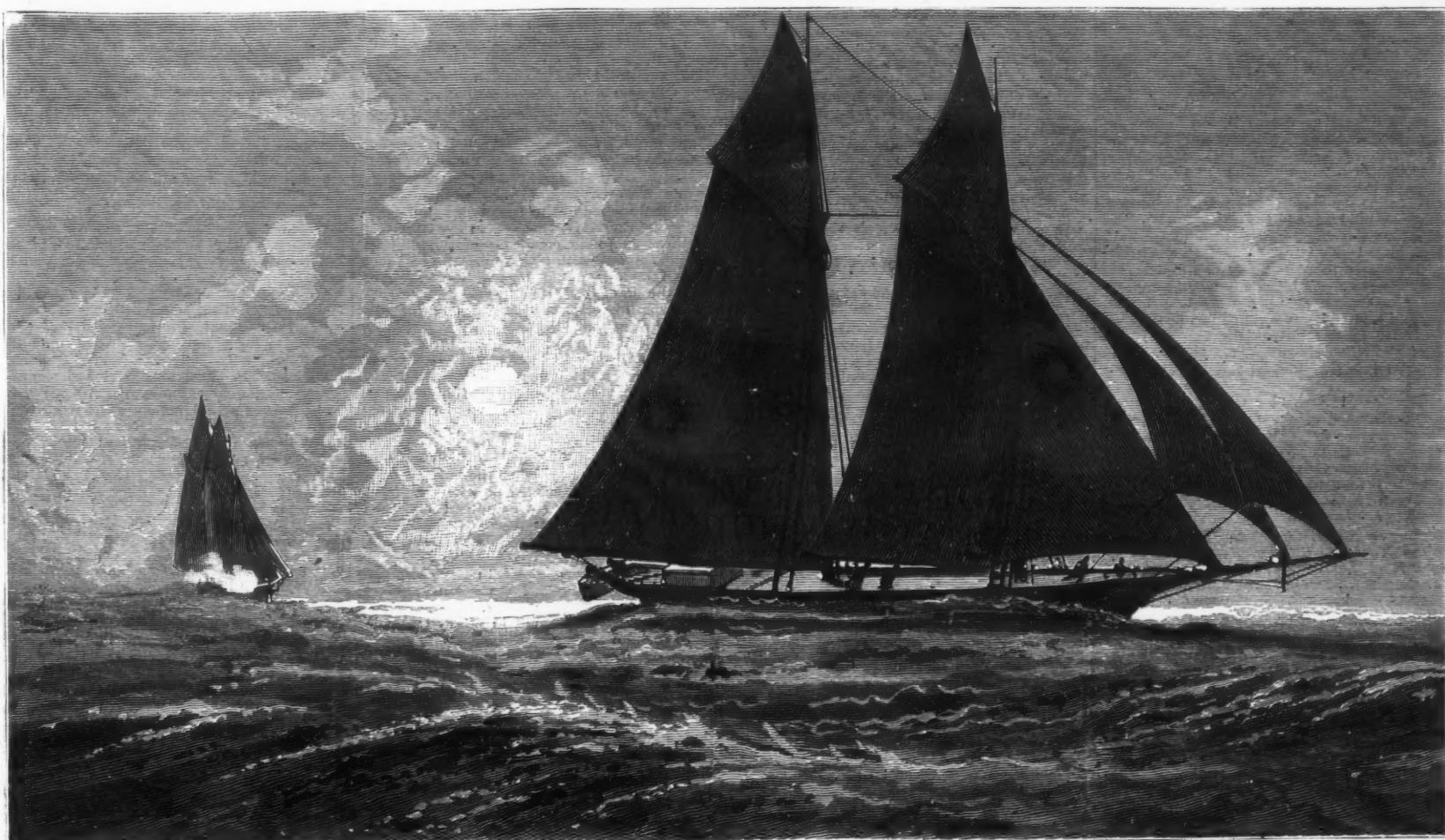


PIRATES ROBBING AN OYSTER BED.

Anstruther-Thompson, finding that the Winter promised to be a long and a sharp one, made up his mind that neither frost nor snow should stop him from his favorite sport, and trained men and horses accordingly. A few days since the result was seen. With the thermometer at eight degrees below freezing-point, and the ground covered with snow, he and a number of his neighbors met, among them being one lady, their horses having previously had the soles of their feet covered with gutta-percha. For a while Balcorn Wood was drawn without success, but presently a fox rushed out and a sharp run followed. The scent in the snow proved amazingly good, and, despite all the circumstances which until now in fox-hunting have been regarded as disadvantageous, the going was of the very best. At length, however, the fox managed to escape, and as the sun was by this time at rest, it was too late for further sport that day. But the experiment Colonel Thompson has thus successfully made has created such an impression in Scotland that it is likely to be followed everywhere this season, so that the owners of hunters who tremble at the prospects of the early Winter may take heart, and, by the aid of gutta-percha soles and a little training, yet chase the fox over the snow-covered ground.

WONDERS OF VISIBLE SPEECH.

PROF. BUTTERFIELD gave a demonstration of visible speech, recently, in Boston. This consists of an arbitrary alphabet of between 100 and 200 characters, by which, it is claimed, the words in any language may be delineated, so that any one understanding the universal alphabet can read and pronounce them in such a manner that any one familiar with the dialect can perceive their meaning. For in-



AN OYSTER PIRATE BEING CHASED BY A POLICE BOAT IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.

sible—to be manned by sixty men, armed with long-range rifles, and having on board a battery of rifled artillery. This vessel will be dispatched to the scene of the outrages with a view to blockade the

marauding fleet in the river and arrest the crews. The militia forces of Lancaster and other counties along the Rappahannock River will be on hand to co-operate with the steamer, and it is confidently expected that the invaders will be captured and made prizes. Those who know the crews of the trespassing oyster vessels and the manner in which they are armed with the best long-range rifles, assert that there will be bloody work as soon as an attack is made upon them. Quite an excitement has been created in official circles by the warlike outlook.

pulled down, but he, too, now pays rent to his brother Westminster, who, like the Browns, of Providence, buys but never sells. His own house stands in an excellent situation, but is architecturally entirely unworthy of his estate. The handsomest thing about it externally is a stone screen dividing it from the street, which was brought from Carlton House when that palace—now as completely effaced as though the prince regent had never existed—was dismantled.

FOX-HUNTING IN WINTER.

A STRANGE innovation has just been introduced into fox-hunting records in Fifeshire, Scotland. According to the *Sporting Gazette*, Colonel

Professor Butterfield sent a pupil out of the room, and a lady gave him a sentence in French, a clergyman one in Latin, and a missionary one in Hebrew. He wrote them in the universal language, and then the pupil was called in and read them all correctly. At a second trial, the pupil being sent out of the room, the sentence was given: "The boy stood on the burning deck," but, at the suggestion of a doubter, "deck" was changed to "mast," and Rev. Mr. Richardson, missionary from Turkey, gave a difficult passage from the Armenian language. These were written down, and when the pupil was recalled, she read the quotation correctly, with "mast" for "deck," and also the Armenian sentence. Finally, the pupil and the little daughter of Rev. Mr. Richardson were sent out of the room, and Mrs. Richardson gave the Arabic words of "Our



ON THE LOOKOUT FOR PIRATES.

VIRGINIA.—THE IMPENDING WAR BETWEEN THE STATE AUTHORITIES AND THE OYSTER PIRATES.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER,



A CHARACTER SKETCH OF OYSTER PIRATES.

Father who art in Heaven." This was written in the visible speech language; the pupil was called in and read it correctly, and the little girl translated it. The practical value of this visible speech or universal language, unless it be of too complex a character, must be apparent to those who have to learn or teach foreign languages. By this method, it is claimed, the correct pronunciation of any language can be learned in a very short time, and, besides that, the reader can correctly pronounce words which are almost impossible to acquire by the natural method, unless learned in infancy. Rev. Mr. Richardson, says Professor Butterfield, was the only man he ever met who could pronounce, for the first time, correctly a very difficult word that he gave him in the Arabic language. At first sight, this visible speech may seem to be a thing of trifling importance; but, it is claimed by its advocates, when it is fully comprehended it will be classed among the greatest discoveries and inventions of the present age.

THE STORY OF A KID GLOVE.

BY J. ESTEN COOKE.

I HAVE a friend who had a curious adventure, which he related to me one day. He assured me that it was strictly true, and as it amused me it may amuse others. Here is the adventure:

At that time my friend, who is Frederick Bryan, Esquire, was twenty-five years old, and was called Fred. He professed to practice law in one of the Atlantic cities, but really practiced literature, and had written a work of fiction, called "Henry Bolingbroke," which had made him something of a small social lion in the friendly little city. The consequence was, that Mr. Bryan's doom as a lawyer was sealed. He became more and more absorbed in the life of a *littérateur*, and, what was worse, fancied himself a poet, and began to dream of beautiful fairies—of the female sex—who were to come and bless him, etc., etc.

One morning, when his literary afflatus had collapsed temporarily, as will happen to his class, he put on his hat and walked up-town, gazing around him, and surveying such young ladies as he encountered with idle interest. They pleased him in only a moderate degree; but one passed in landau, seated by the side of an elderly lady in black silk, whose appearance was rather striking. She had a rosy face, and a quantity of auburn ringlets, which assumed a golden tint as the sun fell upon them; and when she disappeared, Mr. Bryan mustered sufficient interest and energy, to say aloud:

"Handsome! I wonder who she is?"

His morning stroll terminated at the house of a gentleman in the upper part of the city, where two young cousins of his own were at that time on a visit. They were "country girls," but very attractive country girls indeed, and Mr. Bryan could think of no better device to destroy an hour of his valuable time than to pass it in their society. He found them both in the drawing-room—Miss Elise (Aleez), literary, poetical, very plump and handsome, with rosy cheeks, and a sentimental expression; and Miss Fanny, a slender young creature, with very wicked eyes, a very pretty mouth, and an amount of vivacity which produced the impression that she had been charged by an electric machine, and would dart a spark at you if you approached her. Elise, who was writing a letter on her knees, smiled sadly and sweetly as Mr. Bryan came in, and Fanny made him an elaborate courtesy.

"How glad I am to see you, and to know that nothing has happened to you!" she said.

"Were you really uneasy about me, my dear cousin? Explain."

"I was afraid your valuable existence had been extinguished by some passing vehicle—you are so absent and dreamy. Think of the shock of reading in the papers—Yesterday, one of our most popular and promising young lawyers—for they are certain to call you promising, you know—it means almost anything!"

"I know what it means with you, my dear cousin Fanny," Mr. Bryan said, with a languid smile; "but I hope I won't run over."

"You certainly will if you walk along in a reverie, composing your new poem. Have you found her?"

"Her? May I ask to whom you refer?"

"To Miss Moonlight—Miss Faery Queen—or any of the family."

Before Mr. Bryan, who was smoothing his hat in a smiling and thoughtful manner, could reply to this attack, an open carriage drew up before the door, and a portly gentleman of middle age, with the appearance of a bank president, came and bore off Miss Elise for a ride. Fanny had received the visitor with great politeness; but, as soon as he and Elise disappeared, her wicked tongue and laughter assailed them. The practical and sentimental Elise was going to marry Mr. Bankstock—that was his other name! What a world!

"It is not so bad a world, when it has faces as pretty as yours in it, Fanny."

Mr. Bryan never could resist the temptation when he was *tête-à-tête* with a girl—he liked to indulge in their affectionate speeches. It was natural to him, and he had found his match. Miss Fanny accepted his challenge, and grew very quiet and sweet. Her eyes were cast down, and when she did steal a glance now and then at Mr. Bryan, she quickly looked away. When they parted, the small hand of the young lady reciprocated his manly grasp with the least imaginable squeeze; she shot a last glance at him, and "he was gone."

"What a tongue! And what eyes!" was Mr. Bryan's smiling comment, as he went to the post-office. Here he found a long envelope handed to him, and, opening it, saw a kid glove, which he gazed at with some astonishment. What did it mean? But a letter accompanied it in the handwriting of a man, and Mr. Bryan ran his eye over it. It was as follows:

"The inclosed glove, with the note therein, was slipped into the hand of the writer yesterday evening, at the Lyceum, by an unknown

but very comely damsel, with golden curls and it was not until he had left the building, that the *billet-doux* was discovered, which revealed the sad truth that he had been mistaken for another! Acknowledging the compliment implied, he makes haste to give the 'memento' its proper direction, and remains,

"Respectfully, J. B.
To the author of 'Henry Bolingbroke.'

Mr. Bryan scarcely read to the end, the words, "the inclosed glove, with the note therein," had electrified him. He opened the glove hastily, and found a narrow slip of paper, on which was written in pencil, in a delicate hand, the following words:

"The author of 'Henry Bolingbroke' will please keep this glove as a memento from a sister writer, who thanks him for many hours of pleasure." M. C.—"

Mr. Bryan sat down in his office and read this note for about the tenth time. If at that moment a client had called to propose a lawsuit, and pay him one thousand dollars as a retaining fee, Mr. Bryan would have been tempted to request him to call again. He was in a maze. Who were "J. B." and "M. C." and what did it all mean? How had it happened that a note intended for him, Frederick Bryan, had been slipped into the hand of this politely satirical "J. B." who had been mistaken for another—to wit, himself? He was deprived that night of at least three hours of his natural rest, and when he woke in the morning thought it was all a dream. But, no; there, on his toilet-table, was the glove!

The whole affair was the mystery of mysteries, but that very morning he made a discovery which put him upon the track of the secret. He had a mercantile friend whom he visited frequently. He related the incident to this friend, and showed him the note of "J. B." and his friend exclaimed, "I know that handwriting!" He went to his desk, examined a policy of insurance, and, coming back, said, triumphantly:

"I knew it. Jack Balthby wrote it. Secretary of the Mutual!"

Jack Balthby wrote it! The mystery was revealed so far, and, to his friend, Mr. Balthby, Secretary of the Mutual Insurance, Mr. Bryan hastened. A smile diffused itself over the face of Mr. Balthby on his appearance.

"Well, I thought you would be likely to drop in some time to-day," he said.

"Yes, yes; but tell me about it, Balthby! You are not playing me a trick?"

"On my honor, I am not, my dear fellow."

"Tell me about it."

Mr. Balthby laughed, but seemed to recognize the fact that his friend's curiosity was incurable.

"Well," he said, "I was at the Lyceum, you see, at the public meeting to present the service of plate to the ex-Governor. Just in front of me sat an elderly lady in black, and a younger one with auburn ringlets. Such hair! It rolled from under her hat and down her back, in a way—well, in a way—let me restrain myself—which took my breath away! Her blue eyes—let me depict them—"

"Go on, Balthby!"

"Well, I'll be more concise. You see I've read 'Henry Bolingbroke,' and was giving you a touch of your own style. The unknown, in short—so to speak (see 'Henry Bolingbroke' *passim*)—was a beauty. She turned her head once or twice. The ringlets brushed against her roses—pardon a married man for his enthusiasm!"

"Go on, Balthby!"

"I will proceed. They were evidently strangers, as I soon discovered. The elder lady turned round, and, seeing a respectable gentleman behind her—I refer to myself—asked the names of the speakers who addressed the meeting. Now, as everybody knows these high-toned orators who reside in our city, and pop up on every occasion, it necessarily balanced that the ladies were strangers."

"Yes, they were strangers!" exclaimed Mr. Bryan. "They passed me in a landau this morning; but go on."

"I now come to the romantic portion," said Mr. Jack Balthby. "The meeting ended and every one rose to go. As I was rising from my seat, I rested my hand on the back of the seat in front of me, and felt it suddenly come in contact—(see 'Bolingbroke')—with another hand, the hand of the golden-ringed one. I am a gallant man, as you know, and was about to beg a thousand pardons, when the hand deposited a glove in mine, and its owner whispered, 'Keep this to remember me by.' It was but a moment I gazed on her face—it was full of smiles and blushes—let me pause to describe it—"

"If you do I'll commit murder, Balthby!" exclaimed Mr. Bryan.

"And that was all. She dropped her veil—it was a brown gauze one—over the ringlets and roses, and in a moment she and her companion disappeared in the—well, in the jam."

"You don't mean that was the last you saw of her?"

"I do, indeed; she vanished. I did catch a glimpse of her once, some distance before me, in the crowd—the ringlets shone on me for the last time. I could not reach her in spite of superhuman efforts—that is, treading on people's toes, and inserting my elbows into their sides. When I reached the front of the building she was gone."

"It is impossible!"

"It is possible since it is a fact," said Mr. Balthby, philosophically. "You never saw such a tremendous crowd, and she disappeared—probably in one of the carriages. Well, I walked home in a state of wild excitement. I am a married man and had supposed that no young woman would presume to make improper approaches to me. But here was the phenomenon. Here was a little beauty with golden ringlets looking sweet at me, and giving me gloves to remember her by! Why should

she wish me to remember her? I concluded I would not inform Mrs. Balthby. I would keep my own sweet secret. I would explore every public resort for another sight of my dear one. I walked on the air. It was moonlight and I felt romantic. I had evidently made a deep impression, and I have never concealed from myself the fact that I am handsome. It was a challenge which I would accept. If the feelings of the dear owner of the golden ringlets were entangled by a married man, it was her look out. Married or not married, a man had no right to repulse the dear creature. I would—yes, I would—when suddenly (see works of contemporary novelists), I *fell* something in the glove! I drew that something forth, found it was a note, thrilled as it met my gaze, and then proceeded to read it by the moonlight."

Mr. Balthby had delivered these remarks standing and gesticulating. He now sat down and said, meekly:

"I assure you, my dear fellow, when I found the note for you, I never felt so mean—that's the word—in all my life!"

"But what does it all mean, my dear Balthby? How could it have happened?"

Mr. Balthby smiled and said:

"I can think of only one explanation."

He opened his desk and took out a small oval toilet mirror.

"Take a look at yourself and then at me," he said.

Mr. Bryan did so, and, for the first time, realized that he and his friend were very much alike.

"That's probably it," said Mr. Balthby, smiling; and as a client came in at the moment to have his life insured, Mr. Bryan went away, was nearly run over by an express wagon on the way to his office, and spent the remainder of the day in perusing M. C.'s note in pencil.

Henceforth the life of Fred Bryan, Esq., was a dream. Who was "M. C.?" He went to all the hotels and looked at the registers; there was no "M. C." there. He frequented the churches, the theatres, public concerts—no golden ringlets in company with black silk. He had seen both in the landau that day; he was sure they were the same, but where were they? They were, doubtless, passing visitors to the city and had disappeared.

Thereat Mr. Bryan fell into love—melancholy. If he only had her picture to kiss and press to his heart! She was so beautiful with her ringlets and roses—for had he not seen them. And then she was a "sister writer," too, and had spent "many hours of pleasure" over his—Mr. Bryan's—writings. She had read "Henry Bolingbroke." Which passages did she prefer? That where the hero declared his love and was discarded, or where he had a brain fever after? He examined the work again with the view of discovering which of its many beauties had probably produced the deepest impression.

After this fashion did Mr. Frederick Bryan, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public, pass his time. Not in study or the trial of lawsuits, but in amorous dreams; not in interviews with John Doe and Richard Roe, but in stolen meetings with Incognita. He had told no one; it was a secret between himself and his two friends as yet; but one day he thought he would go up and tell Fanny all about it. She would pity him at least, and pity was better than nothing.

So he went, and the first words of the young lady were invigorating.

"I really never saw any one look so lovesick. Is anything the matter? Tell me, and if she has treated you badly, I'll go and give her a scolding."

"No one has treated me badly, my dear—excuse me, it was accidental," said Mr. Bryan.

Miss Fanny actually blushed a little at the "my dear," and responded:

"Don't tell a fib. It is only necessary to look at you to see that you are pining away."

"I assure you I am not."

"Don't attempt to deceive me. Do you suppose I am blind?"

"I hope not. Your eyes are much too beautiful," said Mr. Bryan, gazing at her sadly.

"Or that I have no sense?"

"I have always told you that you were one of the most brilliant people I knew."

"You are too tiresome! Come, tell me every thing. I am going home in a day or two—"

"Going home, Fanny?"

"And I object to pining away and dying of ungratified curiosity."

"Don't speak of dying," said Mr. Bryan, with pathos. "If you were to die I think I should—like to."

"Would you, really?" said Miss Fanny, casting down her eyes and coloring faintly, for this young lady was always ready for an engagement.

"I would, indeed," said Mr. Bryan.

"I am afraid you are only jesting," she said, stealing a bashful glance at him and leaning her handsome head towards one shoulder.

Mr. Bryan looked at her sadly, admiring her face and figure. It was a very pretty and graceful one, and two small feet peeped from the skirt of her close-fitting dress.

"Just like Bonnybel in 'Bolingbroke,'" he sighed, contemplating the feet, which suddenly retire—the heroine I dressed so absurdly,

you know, that all the girls laughed. I have no doubt she laughed too, though Balthby said she was in the 'sad-sweet' style."

"Who is Balthby?" said Miss Fanny. "and who is the 'sad-sweet' one? Please tell me, sir."

"I will," said Mr. Bryan—"in fact, I came to ask your advice."

Thereupon he drew forth the glove and note, and related the whole adventure. Miss Fanny listened with an air of wonder, gazing at the glove.

"How strange—how romantic! Are you sure that you did not dream all this?" she said.

For response, Mr. Bryan pointed to the glove.

"But what can be the meaning of it?"

"Balthby and myself are very much alike, though I'm a long way the best-looking," said Mr. Bryan, mournfully.

"So you were mistaken for each other! But how could your fair one have been so unladylike?"

"Unladylike? That does not strike me. You angels are so hard on each other."

"And you lords of creation are so charitable where your vanity is concerned. But what on earth are you to do?"

"I really don't know, my own F—that is, my dear cousin. Never was so cut up in all my life. I thought I'd come to you for advice and consolation, and all that. Woman is the consoler of wounded hearts, you know—the angel to pour balm into the—"

Here Mr. Bryan attempted to possess himself of hand which was hanging beside the young lady, but she quickly drew it away, apparently for the purpose of arranging her braid. It was a very pretty attitude and Mr. Bryan found himself admiring it.

"But think! If you should ever meet her," said Miss Fanny, with an audacious glance and a slight blush, "what a charming scene it would be—you would know her, of course, as you saw her in the landau."

"I'm not certain; I caught only a glimpse," said Mr. Bryan, sadly.

"I should suppose you would recognize your fair one without the least trouble: Golden ringlets, blue eyes—they were blue, I believe—hair falling ov—"

"Snowy shoulders? Precisely; but, then, there's so much golden hair and so many snowy shoulders," said Mr. Bryan.

"She may live in the city, or be here on a visit still."

"Impossible. I should have seen her somewhere."

"It might be Elise."

"Elise?"

"She is a sister writer, and admires 'Henry Bolingbroke,' and remember the color of her hair!"

"Elise! She's engaged to a bank president, or something of the sort."

brown mass to fall on her shoulders. Mr. Bryan sat perfectly still, looking at the hair, the blush roses, the eyes half-concealed by the long lashes, and suddenly blushed worse than his companion.

"Fanny!" he exclaimed, with his eyes wide open, "you don't mean to say—"

"Am I anything like *incognita*? I should so love to know her!" murmured Miss Fanny. "I would give anything in the world to see her, and I can't think how I missed noticing her. I was at the Lyceum that evening with mamma, who was passing through town on her way to Georgia, but I did not see your dear unknown—what a pity! Now, I should like to congratulate her."

"Fanny! I am losing my senses! Do you really mean—?"

"But I have one consolation," murmured Miss Fanny, with a *bouquet du corsage* accompaniment; "she's a girl of my style and her friends may like me on her account. Maybe our writing even is alike; do you think there is any resemblance, sir?"

She held out the paper which she had written, when Mr. Bryan went to the window. It was a *fac simile* of the note in the glove—the same words in the same writing.

"I signed 'M. C.' because you were so obliging one day as to call me *Miss Candor*, sir!" she said.

"Oh, Fanny!" exclaimed Mr. Bryan, quite forgetting to be sad and languid, and, indeed, seizing her hand with ardor.

"Please, don't!"

"I love you so! It was wicked in you, but I'll forgive you if you will—"

Such was the ardor of Mr. Bryan that the kid glove lying between them fell from the sofa to the floor.

"Please pick up my glove," murmured Miss Fanny, and they both stooped and the two faces came together—

My friend Bryan told me this story and showed me the glove. As he finished, Mrs. Fanny came in and, patting his shoulder, laughing, said:

"Poor Fred! he was very much in love with me," she said; "but then, I was very much in love with him, and that kid glove was the cause of everything!"

Depopulation of the Esquimaux.

A SHOCKING account of the sufferings of the Esquimaux living in the vicinity of Behring's Straits has reached San Francisco with the return of the Californian whalers. It appears that the constant chasing has driven the whales considerably further to the north, and the American whalers have in consequence during recent years taken to kill the walrus at the rate of nearly 100,000 annually. As the seal is a necessary link to the Esquimaux in Greenland, so is the walrus to those on the shores of the Straits; and the gradual destruction of this animal is causing terrible sufferings among the people. On the shores of the Bay of St. Lawrence nearly one-half of the population has died from starvation, and it is stated that in one village containing 200 inhabitants every one has succumbed. It is computed that for every 100 walruses killed one Esquimaux family is starved to death. What seems to be wanted in a regulation to stop the wholesale destruction of the walrus in the same way as the seal is now protected.

National Railroads.

THE vital point of interest in the question of the purchase of German railways by the State, the measure for which has passed both Houses, was clearly brought out in the speech of Count von Moltke during the discussion of the Bill. It was manifest, he said, that the possession of the most important lines of railway by the State was most desirable from a military point of view. Railways, in the present age, were one of the most essential instruments of war, and the means of rapid transport was of the utmost consequence. He added that it was natural to suppose that the conditions of the latter would be amazingly simplified, when there was a single administration in place of forty-nine. This opinion, however, is nothing more than an echo of that daring and successful strategy which led to the latest German successes—that is to say, the rapid movement of large masses of troops.

The Site of Temple Bar.

AT a recent meeting of the Court of Common Council, the London City Lands Company submitted for the approval of the court the model of a design for marking the boundary of the city's jurisdiction on the site of Temple Bar. In their report they stated that the structure would also provide a rest for foot passengers crossing from the New Law Courts, sixteen feet being left on each side for vehicular traffic. It is stated that the extreme height will be thirty-three feet, the material to be used in the construction being either a hard white stone or an equally durable and fine-grained material, capable of withstanding the weather. The base and pedestals are to be made of gray or other granite, whilst the statues, which it is proposed should be of heroic size, as well as the surmounting griffin, will be of bronze. The report was adopted *en bloc*. Mr. Bedford then moved, "That the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor be requested to take the necessary steps for obtaining Her Majesty's pleasure with reference to some important details connected with the proposed design." This also was agreed to unanimously.

Japanese Students in America.

THE education of Japanese girls in America is not regarded with favor by the *Tokio Times*, which says that even the male Japanese students now in the United States believe that the foreign experience of their half-dozen young countrywomen will render their future life wretched. The reason given for this view of the matter is that on returning to their homes the girls find their education and acquired tastes utterly antagonistic to the social customs to which they are compelled to conform. They are sent to this country when very young, and during their stay here become thoroughly Americanized, so that Japan is practically foreign to them, and its sex restrictions and humiliations revolting. But the conventional laws cannot be set aside, and they are forced to become Japanese again. The career of one girl after her return from America is thus given: "Her home was in the house of an official of very considerable rank, who encouraged her retrogression to the normal condition of her sex. Four years ago she was an expert linguist, with talents and endowments not inferior to what are seen among the best foreign classes. At this day

she is nearly unintelligible in any tongue but her own, and the bright ambition and mental activity of her youth are dead, if not forgotten."

Winter Wheat.

WHEAT-GROWERS seem to be in a fair way to make an overstock of wheat the next crop-year certain. The area devoted to Winter wheat in the Western States is twelve per cent larger than last year, with a prospect that the yield will increase in even larger proportion. For the first time in five years Winter wheat in England promised a good crop, and the same is true in Europe. With a short crop in Europe, and a yield of 448,000 bushels at home, a break in wheat here is altogether probable, because England does not want the surplus here badly enough to take it at speculators' prices. If the crop abroad is good, and the production here anything like 500,000,000 bushels, wheat will scarcely pay to harvest in many parts of the West.

Prussian Iron Trade Statistics.

THE yield of iron ore in the kingdom of Prussia during the past year was 2,955,872 tons, raised from 549 pits, and employing 21,991 hands. The number of charcoal furnaces is 44, of which 33 were in blast during 1878, the consumption of home ore being 74,813 tons, and of foreign ore 1,370. The production of pig from these charcoal furnaces was 14,192 tons. The coal and coke furnaces numbered 184, of which 122 were in blast. The yield from these was 1,534,830 tons of pig, of which 54,383 were foundry pig, 426,816 Bessemer pig, open-hearth pig and spiegelleisen, and 1,040,830 mill pig. Two furnaces have also been running on mixed fuel, making the total pig-iron production for the year 1,588,061, smelted in 163 furnaces, and employing 12,992 hands. There were also 571 foundries, employing 19,415 men. Wrought-iron is made in 264 establishments, employing 36,540 men, and the production was 1,123,171 tons. As to the steel trade, 26 out of the Bessemer converters were in operation during the year, together with 42 open-hearth furnaces and 25 crucible furnaces. The total production of Bessemer steel was 452,399 tons, and of open-hearth steel 51,731 tons. The crucible steel trade was stagnant during the year, only 74 crucibles being in operation out of 282 existing.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The "Thunderer's" Burst Gun.

It will be remembered that after the giant gun on the British ironclad *Thunderer* burst while being fired, the remains of the monster were taken to Woolwich Arsenal, where an investigation was held. Our illustration represents the shattered gun as erected on a temporary platform, with the bands holding the splintered pieces in position, and with diagrams drawn upon the surface to show the relative positions of the two charges that are supposed to be the cause of the disaster.

Nordenskjold at Cape Chelyuskin.

Cape Chelyuskin is considered the most northerly promontory of Asia. It was while passing that point on the 19th of August last that Professor Nordenskjold fired a salute from the *Vega* in honor of the successful navigation of the famous Northeast Passage. After rounding the cape the *Vega* and her escort, the *Lena*, came to anchor, and the famous navigator erected a tablet on the shore, and deposited records of his trip beneath blocks of ice and snow.

The Preiss Fetes in Paris.

An interesting feature of the great *fête* given by the Press of Paris in aid of the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the late floods in Spain, was the procession of toreros before the ex-Queen Isabella, who occupied a box in the vast Hippodrome on the occasion. It is worthy of note that when citizens of several large cities in Spain desired to compliment, by a serenade and reception, the consuls of France settled among them, this appropriate acknowledgment of French charity was prohibited on the ground that such demonstrations might lead to the dangerous spread of republican ideas.

The Capture of Morosi's Mountain.

This natural stronghold, after defying the attacks of the British army for several months, was taken by assault on the 20th of November, with a loss of only two *Fusiliers* killed, and two men of the Cape Mounted Rifles dangerously wounded. The mountain had been shelled for three days previous to the attack, which was made simultaneously from five different points. Morosi himself, who had been shot through the neck, was subsequently found in a cave, or schanze, into which he had managed to creep. His son Doda, whose escape from prison was the immediate cause of the outbreak, managed to get clear away. The capture of the mountain and the death of the rebel Morosi will, it is hoped, put an end to the disturbed state of the district.

The Tay Bridge Disaster.

Divers are still at work at the scene of the terrible disaster to the remarkable railroad bridge over the Tay in Scotland. Thus far but few results have been obtained upon which a thorough investigation can be had, and the first belief of the authorities gains ground that the bodies of the victims have either been buried in the sand or washed by undercurrents seaward. The accident produced the greatest consternation throughout Scotland and England, and every point from which a view of the scene could be had has since been crowded with sightseers.

Execution of Afghan Chiefs.

After the recapture of Cabul by the British the first victim of extreme measures was the Kotwal (head man) of the city. He had taken a leading part in the disturbances of September 3d, and had, further, issued proclamations and furnished provisions to the troops fighting against the English since then. He was tried along with several others. One, a chowkedar, had, after the Residency massacre, dragged the head and shoulders of a corpse through the bazaars of the city. This man, the Kotwal, and three others, were hanged on the morning of October 20th, in the Bala Hisar, close outside the late Residency walls. On the very spot where the mutineers had brought into position the gun they fired on the Residency, a high gallows had been erected, within sight of the whole city. On it the Kotwal suffered the penalty of his offenses, while the four others were hanged within the inclosure lately occupied by the Guards' escort.

The Bird-market in the Plaza San Andres, Madrid.

The occupants of the French flats in the tall houses of Madrid are great bird-lovers, and those who visit the Spanish capital and have a weakness for feathered pets should visit the bird-market on the Plaza San Andres. There you find birds of all countries, from canaries to cockatoos, and even fancy breeds of fowl, with, of course, a crowd of purchasers—ladies young and old, married and unmarried—seeking a purchasable object for their affections; or, perhaps, if the day is not favorable, men will predominate as they did when Muñoz sketched, for on such a day a gentleman may buy a gift for a fair one without being detected by some other lady, and his movements being reported to the whole circle of his acquaintances.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It has been suggested by the *Temps* meteorological editor, that the whole of Europe and a large part of Asia and Northern America being covered with snow, the appearance may be analogous to the red spot discovered on Jupiter by astronomers, and this may be considered as an indication that some unusual cooling influence prevails on the whole solar system.

The University of Gottingen has become the possessor of a magnificent herbarium, containing over 40,000 specimens of plants from all parts of the world. It was left to the University by the late director of the Gottingen Botanical Gardens, Professor Griesbach. There is no doubt that it is by far the largest collection of plants ever brought together by any single individual.

Bee-culture is reduced to a science in Europe, and has its special journals and affiliated societies all over the land. The German and Austrian apiculturists will hold their twenty-fourth meeting this year at Prague. This will be accompanied by an international exhibition of living bees, and all products and apparatus connected with bee-culture. The members of the society are particularly indignant over the frauds practiced upon the public by the sales of grape sugar as genuine honey. As the case now stands there is a lively competition between the bees and the chemists, with the advantage in favor of the latter. Even the "busy bee" cannot compete with the manufacturers who have a store of a million bushels of Indian corn from which to make grape sugar. Honey in the comb is all that we can expect to find genuine in the future.

Metallic manganese is now obtained in large quantities at the furnaces of Dillenburg, in Nassau, and is used extensively in the manufacture of bronze and other alloys. In consequence of the rapid oxidation of manganese the addition of one-half to one per cent. of copper washes out the copper of all its air-bubbles and makes it more compact and malleable. As it is difficult to keep pure metallic manganese, owing to its ready absorption of moisture, it is generally sold in the form of an alloy of 70 per cent. copper and 30 per cent. manganese. Copper-manganese is added to other alloys in the proportion of 2% to 6 per cent., according to circumstances. An alloy compound of 80 parts copper, 9 parts manganese, 6 parts tin and 5 parts zinc is mentioned as possessing most valuable properties. Pure metallic manganese is sold at Dillenburg at \$1.25 per pound, and the manganese-copper at 62½ cents per pound.

A RICH ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIND IN RUSSIA.—Russian newspapers announce that a very rich archaeological find has been made by M. Kibalchich in Southern Russia, on the banks of the Trubesh River, in the Government of Poltava. In a locality covered with numerous small mounds, a sheet of earth with pieces of coal, bones, broken pieces of earthenware, as well as stone and bronze implements, were discovered under the recent sands. The number of stone arrows and knives discovered is less than 312; besides, M. Kibalchich has found two large stone implements which were used for breaking great bones, several clay and glass ornaments, earthenware with ornaments, and five bronze arrows. This find is the first in Southern Russia, whilst, as is known, the remains of the stone and bronze periods are very numerous in Northern and Eastern Russia. The Russian Government takes great interest in preserving and properly exhibiting the specimens.

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS.—Professor Peirce, in his paper read before the American Association at Saratoga on the "Meteoric Condition of the Sidereal Universe," stated that "the aggregate mass of the invisible meteors probably surpasses that of the visible celestial objects." The same idea was advanced nearly fifty years ago by Isaac Taylor. In his work entitled "Saturday Evening," Mr. Taylor, while discoursing of the vastness of the material universe, says: "The invisible material creation, it is probable, vastly outnumbers the visible; and it may justly be thought that the worlds made known to us by their inherent splendor are to the unseen only in the proportion of the chief of an army to the thousands that fill the ranks and file. It is as if from the summit of a tower we were looking by night upon a boundless plain filled with the array of war, and could discern nothing but the gemmed crests of the captains gleaming amid the countless and unseen multitudes they were leading on."

THE PARIS ASTRONOMICAL MUSEUM contains, among other objects of historical interest, a pair of Mercator's globes, dating from the middle of the sixteenth century. That figuring the earth is the first on which meridians of longitude and parallels of latitude were laid down. The great equatorial lakes of Africa, it is reported, are all to be found upon it. Another case contains the standard metre of the first republic; the toise used in 1738 in Peru for measuring a degree at the equator; the toise used in Lapland some short time afterwards for measuring the polar degree, and the platinum kilogramme made by the Republican Commission of Weights and Measures; the object-glass of the astronomer Cassini, which he used in successively determining the existence of Jupiter's satellites, Saturn's double ring, the abnormal flatness of Jupiter's poles, and the vast velocity of his rotation, as well as that of Mars; the double refracting prism, with the help of which Arago measured the diameter of the great planets.

SOUTH CAROLINA FOSSILS.—Some of the remains of terrestrial animals, found as fossils in the Ashley phosphate beds, including even the softer or more spongy bones, exhibit no evidence of violent water action other than the signs of decay from the combined influence of moisture and air; neither do such fossils exhibit the marks of boring mollusks nor the attachments of barnacles. Usually black and more or less friable, these fossils, such as the bones of mastodon, megatherium, deer, etc., are no doubt the remains of animals which became mixed and sank into marshes of the Ashley phosphate beds after they had become elevated above the surface of the neighboring sea. Of this nature, also, are the remains of more recent animals, including also specimens of human bones, those of domestic animals, and stone implements, which are occasionally found in the Ashley phosphate beds. The Ashley beds also contain a remarkable intermixture of the remains of marine and terrestrial animals, consisting of bones, teeth, coprolites, shells, etc., derived from contiguous formations of various ages from the early tertiary to those of a comparatively recent period.

IN EDISON'S ELECTRO-CHEMICAL TELEPHONE an arm extends at right angles from a diaphragm and touches a cylinder of chalk, moistened with a solution of phosphate of soda in water. The arm is pressed against the chalk cylinder by a little block of rubber, which is pressed upon the arm by a screw touched by the finger of the receiver of the message, who keeps the cylinder in rotation by a little crank. The working of the instrument depends upon the principle that the passage of a current of electricity through a moistened substance, prepared in the way the chalk cylinder is prepared, prevents friction. Hence, when the electric waves come from the transmitter, there is no friction during the passage of a wave, and this absence of friction affects the arms projecting from the diaphragm, and the diaphragm itself vibrates with an intensity greater than that of the impulse which comes over the wires from the transmitter. Hence the entering of the current by the length of wire that passes over is made up, and the voice of the speaker at the transmitter is heard nearly as loudly, or sometimes even more loudly, at the receiving instrument than at the transmitter. Mr. Edison is now making 500 of these instruments at Menlo Park.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A FACTORY in New Haven, Conn., made over 22,000,000 fishhooks last year.

—THE post-office at Atlanta will be moved into the new Government building early in the Spring.

—ALABAMA coal is fast becoming the fuel for steamships that ply in the commerce of the Gulf ports.

—THE BANK of Montreal has agreed to loan the city \$1,000,000 at five per cent., to retire its six per cent. bonds now overdue.

—TEXAS has 7,000 schools, and her school fund is apportioned equally among the children of scholastic age, regardless of color.

—THE proposed Centennial Exposition building at Nashville will contain 40,000 square feet of floor space and 8,000 feet of wall space.

—SWITZERLAND is this winter almost one mountain of snow; trains, steamboats and telegraphs have been in a chronic state of interruption.

—THE BELLS of St. Peter's, Zurich, are to be melted to form a new set, but the local antiquarian society has interfered to save one cast in 1294, seven years previous to Zurich's adhesion to the Swiss Federation.

—THE *Gaceta* of Madrid reports the population of the Island of Cuba at the end of 1878 at 1,399,979, of whom 266,759 were creoles or free blacks, and 187,596 slaves.

—GOETHE once presented a set of his works to Harvard Library—a fact which has just been brought to light in the process of recataloguing the German literature of the library.

—OVER \$22,000,000 was expended in New York city last year in the erection of new buildings, which is in excess of the amount expended for new buildings any year since 1871.

—A GRAND official banquet will be given in honor of General Grant in Havana, and a brilliant reception will be tendered him at the Palace by high public functionaries and distinguished members of society in that city.

—MAYOR OVERSTOLTZ and Comptroller Adrian, of St. Louis, have disposed of \$100,000 in five per cent. city bonds at a premium of \$1.25 per \$1,000. There are still \$375,000 in bonds unsold. This is the first issue of five per cent. bonds.

—THE METRIC SYSTEM HAS BEEN ADOPTED BY TWENTY-EIGHT DIFFERENT NATIONS, INCLUDING A MAJORITY OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD. IN ELEVEN COUNTRIES IT IS IN EXCLUSIVE USE, WHILE IN SEVERAL, AS IN GERMANY AND FRANCE, THERE ARE PENALTIES FOR USING ANY OTHER MEASURES.

—THE TRACT OVER WHICH DISTRESS EXISTS IN SILESIA COVERS 5,000 SQUARE MILES



NEW YORK CITY.—OPENING OF THE SLEIGHING SEASON—A VIEW ON CENTRAL AVENUE.



AL AVENUE, NEAR M'COMB'S DAM BRIDGE, DURING THE HOMEWARD DASH.—SEE PAGE 413.

A SULTAN'S WHIMS.

She has perfumed the flood of her hair
With the oil of the attar-gui rare,
And the flowers that are dear to me;
She has tinted her lashes with khol
As she waits for the muezzin to toll,
For the hour to be near to me.

She has bathed her white body in nard;
And the sleek, yellow hide of a pard
Warms the delicate feet of her;
While the lily and rose of her breast
By the glow of the moon are caressed
In the beauty complete of her!

All her turban's rich, delicate furls
She has studded with Orient pearls,
Where the gems of her crescent are.
And has cut with her Alep blade's tip
To make redder, the red of her lip,
Where my kisses incessant are!

She is clad in a shimmer of sheen—
In a dolman of gold damascene—
Starred with emeralds numberless,
On a divan of cashmere she lies
With impatient, black flashings of eyes—
Of black passion-eyes, slumberless!

Both her wee hands, of princess and fay,
Have been tipped to the nail in bennet
To delight and to charm me with;
While her slaves, with curved scimitars bare,
Pace, with slow, cat-like tread, here and there,
As a jest to alarm me with!

From the satin and silk of her kiosk
She dreams out to the moon-glamoured bosc,
As she waits till I come to her;
While the songs of the bulbul arise,
And the wail of the soft lute replies,
And the sad guzias thrum to her.

From her palace, invading the dusk,
Steals a subtle, soft odor of musk,
And her sighings ascend with it;
While the murmurs of millions of flowers,
From the mazes of fountains and bowers,
Seem in silence to blend with it!

As she waits mid the perfumes that swarm,
The checked passion that darts thro' her form
Burns resistless and comet-like;
For her love there is no Rhamadan,
And no fasting, no faith, no Khoran—
No tame passions Mahomet-like!

* * * * *

She may wait by the moon and may dream,
But to-night, to her splendor supreme,
My soul dares not be dutiful;
I have given the love that she craves
To Al-Leila, the pearl of her slaves—
To Al-Leila, the beautiful!

F. S. SALTUS.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF MINE."

CHAPTER XXIII.—WHAT HAD HAPPENED?

HE does not die, for the horse and his rider go by. Salome loosens her grasp upon Sylvie's neck, and the really frightened girl hears a quick salutation and a little rippling laugh from Salome.

"There, get up, the farce is ended, dear," said Salome; "nobody has come to carry you off. How silly we were! Standing here like two gawks. Well, of course, if we had run, it wouldn't have been much better. If it had been the veritable Flix himself, he would have gone straight to the house. Don't let us get frightened again."

"There wasn't a bit of need, of course not," Sylvie murmurs, shaking out the disarranged folds of her dress, and preening as she slowly comes up to her own stature. "Flix Forester would never think of coming himself—a farce, sure enough," she repeats, indignantly. "I'll not be such a fool again. But who was it? Didn't you speak to him?"

"Of course I did; it was no other than Ray Wilde," Salome replies. The dimples still dinting her cheeks. "What a splendid horseman he is! There, from this rising ground we shall see him in a moment."

Sylvie stands, the sun in her face, looking from under a slender white hand, from whose rounded wrist dangles the chain of a gold bracelet, that flashes in the red light. Yonder is a bit of wheat-field, then a road, along which the straggling shanties of several families of poor whites air their shingled sides and broken roof-tops, and in whose backyards tow-headed urchins can be seen in every variety of posture, while the whites' gray clothes flap from ropes tied to the diapitated fences—for it is washing-day; beyond the miserable tenements a long stretch of the road appears, and just as they reach the acclivity, from whence they can observe all this, the horseman comes in sight. Sylvie, half-provoked with herself for thus passively consenting to see him, cannot help the pleasure visible in her eyes as, with a splendid carriage, head erect, a perfect seat, graceful as Antinous, he rides, as if the eyes of the world were upon him.

"Isn't he magnificent?" asks Salome.

"Rides well," Sylvie answers, reluctant to express her admiration. "He seems to be a great favorite of yours."

"He is; everybody likes Raphael; he, as well as Eve, is a general favorite."

"It's very warm," Sylvie says, frowning a little as she turns; "would you as lief go in the house?"

"Certainly," and Salome leads the way; "but wouldn't I like to be there to see the meeting? Poor little Eve has so few pleasures! He is nearly there now. Won't he fly up the terraces? You saw for yourself the superb situation of Lewin House; you ought to sit on the piazza—the view is unsurpassed. There one never suffers from the heat of Summer."

Sylvie listens impatiently as she hastens on. Why, she cannot tell, but it makes her angry to hear these praises of people who are nothing to her. Does she fear a rival in this

girl? What chance is there of that? Neither will probably ever take the first step towards an acquaintanceship. Every time she thinks of her she shuts her teeth and frowns. Is it coming to hate?—this miserable aversion at first sight.

For a moment she regrets the haste of her decision to leave the known for the unknown. But, having decided upon a given line, she will not turn back. She has been longing all day for one of Mrs. Forester's sweet smiles, for the homage so freely accorded to her in the place she calls home, but she steals her heart against it.

"I will not be despised," is her mental decision; "I had rather die. Only I wish I had never seen that girl—I hope I shall never see her again."

Meanwhile Ray nears the object of all his desires—the goal he has been longing for—the fine old wreck of Lewin House looms before him. Yes, and there are fluttering white garments on the piazza. And there, by the gate—though it can be no longer used, but lies prone on its face at the side of the entrance—stand Desire and Father Crow, dressed in their best and cleanest. In a trice Ray is off the horse; in another he has flown forward and up, Dee following slowly, her fine black face wreathed in smiles. The neglected flowers in red and white beauty he trampled under his relentless feet. There was but one flower in the world to him—a cloistered saint, fairer than any pink or snowy petals.

Up there in mid-air, the varied wreath of garden woods and river banks beneath them, the cool sky full of tiny seraphs of white cloud, glorious sunshine over all, they met—Eve blushing, smiling, angelic; Ray exultant, a little flurried, as became him, and almost breathless from his climb. He caught both outstretched hands.

"May I?" he asked, and without waiting for an answer, kissed her bashfully on her cheek, so red under his lips.

"Glorious!" said Ray, as she led him into their transformed kitchen. "Why, you saved your piano!"

"Don't you remember Dee got up on top when the soldiers were going to destroy it, and prayed?"

"Deed, did I," says the old nurse, coming into the parlor by stepping from the polished pine boards on to the bright, well-mended carpet. "Says I, 'If you're men, you won't spile de on'y thing that my little missis hab lef' to give her comfort,' and den I kneeled down, and, my Lord in heaven, didn't I pray! Reckon Massa up dar open His ear dat time; fac' is, I jest battered de walls of heaven."

"I had forgotten," laughed Ray; "it was nowhere in sight the last time I was here. Well, I declare, this is comfortable."

One would not have thought them poor to look at the table. There were flowers and silver, and chicken broiled and brown as a chestnut, and golden pone, and the daintiest of white biscuit. How happy they were, the handsome fellow of twenty-one and the tender, pretty little orphan of seventeen. After supper came a stroll through the ruined garden, where grew neglected flowers, straggling bushes, unpruned trees, and shaded spots full of painted trilliums, with their wavy-white petals blushing in faint pink at the heart. It was sunset, too, and all the west was one blazing gallery of color-gems, fitly framed in the red gold of the horizon.

"Do you remember the marsh callas?" asks Eve, as they linger at the foot of the garden, each, perhaps, busy with thoughts of the past.

"Yes, indeed, and how I never could induce you to go near the haunted pool, though you liked them so much. I suppose they grow in the same place?"

"Yes; but I got Crow to find some roots and plant them over in the hollow. We will go there to-morrow—it is too late now," and he feels her shudder, leaning on his arm.

"Is the pool still there?" asks Ray.

"Yes; in the spot where they found the poor peddler. Curious that it should change places. Before that it was on the other side of the fence."

"I rode past the spot to-day, but I never thought of it," says Ray. "I suppose they never found out who did the deed?"

"Not that I know of," replies Eve, and they turn and walk back in the lengthening shadows. "I remember the very night; I was ill, and the dog kept howling. He wouldn't even stop when Dee took off her shoe and said something which she declares always prevents it on any ordinary occasion; but, you see, then, murder was being done; now, how did the dog know?"

"One of those inscrutable mysteries that science has not fathomed yet," Ray makes answer. "Suppose we turn to some more cheerful subject?"

In-doors the candles were lighted. If there were strollers in the road that evening, as undoubtedly there were, their ears were charmed with the dulcet strains that reached them from the old house that held so much happiness. Ray was a fine performer; both sang well, and their sweet voices floated out beyond the dark walls of night, in merry songs and duets. Desire sat in her part of the domicile by the side of her old man and listened. The house was so high, and the evenings still so cool that she had made a fire, and the pretty leaping flames in the background, the two delighted old ebony faces, the youth and the maiden in the soft rays of the candle-light at the piano at the other end of the room, made a picture worthy of perpetuation upon canvas.

And so the time passed, and day followed day. Sometimes Ray read as they sat together on that grand piazza, a soft rose haze upon the wonderful vista of fields and meadows and farms, blooming plains and swart, shadow-covered hills; distant villages clustered like blossoms of white amidst the deep green of

southern verdure. On one occasion he was reviewing some of her lessons. She, more mindful of the view before them, and a little weary, answered wide of the mark, and then, with evident mortification, threw down her book like a tired child.

"The fact is, Ray, I don't know anything," she said, with a choking sigh, and, turning, entered the room. Dee was out planting with her "ole man." "I wish there were no books of that sort," she added, petulantly. "I shall never learn anything."

Ray had followed her and was laughing.

"Why not avail yourself of the services of the new teacher?" he asked.

Eve turned upon him like a whirlwind, her blue eyes flashing:

"What do you know about the new teacher?" she asked.

"Nothing at all. Dee told me there was one at the Braddock's."

"I wouldn't look at her—speak to her," exclaimed Eve, vehemently, "much less study with her. Don't laugh—you exasperate me," and so saying, she seated herself moodily.

"Well, upon my life," cried Ray, a little startled, "you seem to have taken a dislike to the poor girl."

"I don't like her. I don't want to hear her mentioned. I hate the sight of her," continued Eve, explosively. "You thought me so good-natured, I suppose, that I would give my hand to everybody, even to my father's murderers."

"Isn't that rather strong language to apply to this poor little schoolmarm? I'm sure she never carried a gun."

"No; but her father did, or her brother, or her townsman, and that is enough. And as for learning, Ray, I shall never be your equal. I shall grow up in ignorance."

"How much more do you intend to grow, I wonder?" asked Ray. Her eyes sought the little mirror opposite which she stood. Perhaps the vision of yellow rippling hair, blue eyes and pink cheeks softened her mood. She laughed childishly.

"I don't know; I'm nearly up to you, and, oh, Ray," she turned to him, a passionate sob in her voice, "I'm but a silly girl yet. Sometimes I get thinking about all my life, how lonely it has been, how crossed by all the disasters of poverty and war and death. And this poor desolate land that I love with all my soul, see how beautiful it is and how ruined."

"Why, Eve, dear, you have dropped like a star out of the blue depths into sudden darkness—what has come over you?" asked Ray, tenderly.

"It all came on, I suppose, through feeling myself such an utter ignoramus, so—so different from the smart girls you see North. Oh, poor papa, you little thought the 'baby' for whom you cherished such hopes would be little more than baby on her seventeenth birthday."

"Come now, that's a libel," laughed Ray, gazing with his heart in his eyes at the slender graceful figure, clothed all in white, the lovely head encircled by a coronet of braided gold, so lustrous and beautiful was the crown of her tresses, the soft, sweet dove's eyes every glance of which sent a thrill of admiration through his heart. "You know more than many a Southern girl of your own age, still, I am friend enough to tell you there is room for improvement."

"To be sure, I'm quite aware of that," and she turned petulantly away to the window, "but what good will improvement do me in this lonely place? Who is there I can measure wits with? Salome Braddock will only talk of butter and cheese, clever as she is. The young men here care for little but horses, and the girls for dress. I have neither money, relations nor influence, no friends save you and two old slaves. There goes Dee now, God bless her! She is not fit for the work, but she will dig and plant to the last minute to serve me. And then the house—poor papa made a palace of it for my sake, I suppose, and do you wonder I hate the people, who, not being able to harm me, ruined my home? Oh, Ray, I'm so miserable! What is to become of me?" and letting her face fall in her hands, the overwrought nature gave way, and she burst into tears.

"Oh, my Lord God!" sounded shrilly outside, and Desire, coming in through the window, fell all in a heap on the floor, trembling from head to foot. "Oh, my Lord God!" she cried again; then throwing her apron over her head she wept bitterly. What had happened?

CHAPTER XXIV.—NURSE DEE'S SUDDEN TERROR.

FATHER CROW had fallen down in his traces. In other words dropped dead while transferring some choice vines. Dee happened to be with him at the time, as the vines were favorites of hers, and Eve had some special wish in regard to their disposal. The old man had justly been delivering a little homily on the resurrection, a theme he was very fond of illustrating, when all at once he put his black hand to his black head, with the words: "I's, feels 's if I's going up some whar, I's lifted an' lifted," and fell in a lifeless heap beside the freshly-dug earth. When the faithful wife found that life was indeed gone, she went wailing and sobbing to the house, hungering for consolation and broke upon the conference of Eve and Raphael as I have stated. All selfish considerations were at an end now. Eve was again her generous, simple, forgetful self. Of course the death and burial, though only of an old worn-out man who had been a slave, put a stop to the preparations in progress for pleasure, for the time at least. The neighbors came in, but it was to the funeral, and staid sombrely to tea, the preparations for which Desire went solemnly on with, as soon as she had put away her decent black bombazine bonnet. That bonnet was a great solace to poor bereaved Desire. To have a real quality black bonnet was a new experience in her simple life, and a real widow's veil.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

"Well, now, Miss Eve," she said, when she first tried it on, "I's kind'r hate myself for bein' so pleased wid dis yer, an' he, pore soul, layin' down yer, neber to rise till de resurrection—de Lord forgive me. Ef he could on'y see it hisself, I know it would tickle his pore old soul; he liked nice tings, an' I'm sure he'd thank you ef he was living, he'd be mighty thankful for the kindness you done show to his widder."

"Now, there are only two of us," Eve said, in another conversation with Raphael; "and if Dee dies—oh, I dare not think."

"But I do," says Ray, stealing round to her side; "I dare think. Don't you know I am a man now? Look up, Eve, and, as his arm stole round her waist, she lifted her eyes, and met his passionate gaze. Had she ever thought that this might be; if she had, it surely overpowered her now with its suddenness, that simple action. Her golden curls streamed over his shoulder, and, like a little frightened child, she hid her face among the rippling hair.

"Don't you know Eve, child, that I love you? Haven't you guessed it before this? Can you believe that I would let you stay in this forlorn and ruined place any longer than I can help? My precious darling, I have always loved you. When I was only a boy the ardor of a man's love burned in my bosom. I have never even compared you with others, you being seated upon my heart's throne never to be removed. And soon, when I claim you, I want to take you from this narrow field, and show you to the world. Don't shrink, darling, you shall not stay there; it is my ambition to rebuild my father's home—to spend my life in the beautiful South—only I want to disabuse your mind of some errors—there is nothing like travel for that. Am I taking too much for granted? Won't you tell me, Eve, dear, that you will try to love me—you who I know have loved me as a brother ever since we have known each other."

All in a sweet surprise the fair girl listened, conscious at that moment that Raphael was more to her than any brother could be, remembering how she had cherished his image in many an hour of loneliness; that in every trouble her thoughts had gone out to him; that in every joy she had missed the sweetest part of her pleasure if he did not share it with her. She felt scarcely more than a child—conscious of all her defects, of her ignorance, but a woman's resolve sprang up in her brave little heart; she would be worthy of him in time, would spare no pains, would stop at no sacrifice, to become such as he might be proud of. From that hour life was full of new beauty and promise. She had to recall but one thrilling moment if care pressed upon her more heavily than usual.

"Dee," Ray said, lightly, as he left Lewin House to resume his studies, "take good care of my little wife."

"Well, now! The Lord and de blessed angels! You don't mean it, Mars Rafe," exclaimed Dee, her great eyes shining.

"Well, if I know myself, I rather think I do," replied Ray, his fine face lighting into intense beauty, as he caught Eve's shy, protesting glance. "As sure as she's her father's daughter," he added, "she will be my wife."

"Oh, my Lord! Don't say dat!" cried Dee, in a sudden terror. "Oh, merciful Master, what's I talking about?"

"Well, I should think so," said Ray, looking sternly at the old woman, whose black face actually seemed to whiten, as she stood there dumb and aghast. "See, you have frightened the child. Don't mind it, Eve; I think the woman must be crazy."

"I is, Mars Ray," said the old nurse, humbly, seeming to shrink into herself. "I has these luny spells sometimes. I's in a dream like, when de very stranges' visions comes up to me. Lord, don't mind me, Mars Ray. Please don't look upon me dat ar way, or I shall go right crazy for sartin."

"I don't know about leaving Eve with a crazy woman," he said, gravely.

"Hebenly Marster! I's no more crazy dan you! Now, don' go for confusin' my wits; dey's good enuf. Don't ye see that I's all right, ef you'll on'y let me alone?"

"What did make Dee act so strange?" queried Eve, going slowly down the terrace by her lover's side. "Really and truly her manner did frighten me. 'Twas like that of some great tragic actress. My very blood ran cold."

"Oh, nonsense; she only wanted to do something for effect; she's a queer creature and growing old. But let that pass. Eve, you must write to me—not every day, that would be too great a tax, but almost every day

her fly, he seats himself upon the step and does not look, only listens.

Dee stands where they left her, folding her smoothly-ironed white apron into a hundred creases.

"My Hebenly Father!" she mutters to herself, watching the white figure coming, "what made he say dat? 'Clar ef it wasn't like de Day o' Judgment, when all de sins ob de world'll be revealed. Ef I hadn't almost done clean forgot. Lord have mercy upon me; don't let de debil git my soul! Oh, Lord, wha' did Crow die for? I's all alone now."

(To be continued.)

TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

-No. 14.-

Interview with General Myer.

Germany Adopting Our Maps.

THE INNER LIFE OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

THE NAVIES OF THE WORLD ACTING AS FLOATING STATIONS.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM TO BE APPROACHED NEXT.

I FOUND General Myer seated at his desk at the Bureau of the United States Signal Service, Washington, and surrounded by all the delicate and mysterious insignia of his wondrous office. "Old Probabilities," as he has been facetiously styled, is every inch a soldier. He graduated at Geneva College at the age of 19, and, after professional studies, entered the army in 1854. His introduction to the Signal Service dates from 1858, when he was assigned to special duty therein, achieving promotion to the head of the service, as then organized, two years later.

He is tall, erect, alert, with the air of command in every look and gesture. He is a sharp disciplinarian, but quick to discern and recognize merit. Possessing a large fortune, surrounded by every evidence of culture and refinement, with aesthetic tastes and tendencies, hedged in by temptations to a life of indolence and ease, he applies himself with unceasing industry and vehement energy to the work assigned him, finding in the outcome of his toil perfect compensation for all losses of physical comfort. Under an Act of Congress, approved in February, 1870, General Myer was charged with the special duties of the observation and giving notice, by telegraph and signals, of the approach and force of storms on the seacoast and northern lakes, at the military posts in the interior, and at other points in the States and Territories. Addressing himself with genuine enthusiasm to the work assigned him, and foreseeing, apparently, results of which the average mind had no conception, he at once organized the meteorological division of the signal office on an efficient basis. By a subsequent Act he was charged with the special duties of telegraphing, etc., being authorized to establish signal stations at lighthouses, and at such of the life-saving stations as are suitable for the purpose, and to connect these stations by telegraph with such points as may be necessary.

The building in which General Myer and his able staff are located, in Washington, actually bristles with meteorological insignia, the roof being a very grove of cups, and balls, and flags, and mirrors, and telegraph wires and barometers, and fifty other ometers. Wires from the four times four corners of the earth converge at this point, and, not content with the results obtainable by a single roof, the General has compelled the roofs of his immediate neighbors to pay tribute in the form of accommodation for the numerous wind, water and weather gauges, the vigilant study of which enables him to warn those who would go down to the sea in ships, and those who would make pilgrimage by land.

"A hundred, nay a thousand, columns of your paper could not exhaust the subject of the Signal Service," observed the General, after we had exchanged conventional greetings. "It embraces so wide a field with so minute a detail. However, let us begin at the beginning, and we'll see if we can't give you some of the results. The officers and men are instructed for the different branches of the service at a signal school of instruction at Fort Whipple, right on the other side of the Potomac, about three miles from here. The term of enlistment is for five years, and the service is open to any American citizen of good character, who can face the rigid tests of the preliminary examination. The course of instruction includes the use of meteorological instruments, the modes of taking observations, and the forms and duties required at observation stations, and for the display of storm-signals. The men are also taught telegraphy, and are drilled with arms and in the usual duties of soldiers—the design being to qualify them for any possible exigency that may arise. Obviously, a knowledge of mere meteorology would be insufficient for an observer stationed on the Western plains, surrounded by hostile Indians, where he is exposed to constant peril of attack. And it is essential that he should know how to use firearms, and also how to summon help by the use of the telegraph if the danger is urgent. All enlisted men, before leaving Fort Whipple, are also drilled in the manœuvring of field telegraphic trains, the rapid erection of telegraphic lines, and the management of all the

apparatus habitually used by the corps in the field."

"What is the average number of men being trained at Fort Whipple?"

"Fifty."

"Have you many applications for admission into the corps?"

"About twelve hundred; but we have no vacancy."

"How many men have you at the Central Office?"

"One hundred."

"Do you drill them?"

"Yes; there is a semi-monthly drill. They don't much like drilling."

"Do you get good men invariably?"

"That is our strongest point. We get the most earnest thinkers and the best men in the world."

"What is the strength of the force, General?"

"The Signal Service, as now organized, consists of 18 commissioned officers, 150 sergeants, 30 corporals and 260 privates. This force has the management of 300 stations, extending from the Dominion of Canada to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Of these stations, 143 take meteorological observations; 24 are known as sunset stations, 11 as display stations, 24 as special river stations, 12 as commercial stations, and 3 as printing stations. Telegraphic and mail reports are also received from four stations in the West Indies, and 19 in Canada."

"How often do the men report, General?"

"At stations furnishing telegraphic reports, the men are required to furnish tri-daily on each day the results of observations made at three fixed hours, and embracing in each case the readings of the barometer, the thermometer, the velocity and direction of the wind, the rain gauge, the relative humidity, the character, quantity and movement of upper and lower clouds, and the condition of the weather. These observations are taken at such hours at the different stations as to secure absolute simultaneity—allowance being made for the differences between the fixed times, 7:35 A. M., 4:35 P. M. and 11 P. M., and the local time at the different stations. At the Meteorological Congress held at Rome in April last, arrangements have been made for simultaneous observations all over the world at 6 P. M., Washington time. The chiefs of the Meteorological Departments on the globe send in reports of observations by mail twice a month. Two thousand reports come in daily. Two hundred reports are handled in thirty-five minutes. All navies now take a simultaneous observation on shipboard. These floating stations will help the breaks on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. This system only commenced on the 1st of November last."

"Do you take other observations?"

"Yes; we take three, at 7 A. M., 2 P. M., and 9 P. M., local time, and a seventh and special observation is taken and recorded at noon each day. When such instrumental changes are noted at this observation as to cause anxiety, the fact is at once telegraphed to the central office at Washington. An eighth observation is taken at the exact hour of sunset at each station, and this, embracing the appearance of the western sky, the direction of the wind, the amount of cloudiness, the readings of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, and amount of rainfall since the last preceding report, is communicated here with the midnight report. So perfect is the description, and so trustworthy the work of the force, that the reports from the stations, covering the whole expanse of the continent, are frequently concentrated at the central office at Washington in the space of forty minutes."

"What is the highest rate at which the traveling of wind has been registered?"

"One hundred and ninety five miles. In the cyclone of the 18th of August last we measured up to 138 miles, but the cups blew away. At Cape Lookout, North Carolina, 1,100 miles of wind was registered in one day. It is upon the data accumulated at the central office that the daily deductions, or weather forecasts, and the especial deductions, in pursuance of which orders are issued for the display of cautionary signals, are based."

"I assume that we get the result of the tri-daily synopsis in the papers each morning, General?"

"You do. The tri-daily synopsis show the meteoric conditions existing over and near the territory of the United States for each period of twenty-four hours immediately preceding the publication of the report. The indications or probabilities foreshadow the changes which seem to be suggested as probable by a study of the charts, in connection with the meteorological rules and generalizations which experience has more or less established."

"The work of preparing the report must be very elaborate?"

"Eight charts exhibiting the data of the observation reports, as to the barometric pressure, relative humidities, cloud conditions, dew-point variations, etc., are draughted and examined before, and are essential to each official announcement. The statements designed for publication, issued thrice daily, are telegraphed at the moment of their issue to the principal cities, and reach, I am led to believe, fully one-third of the population of the entire country."

"What per centage of accuracy do your forecasts yield?"

"Over ninety per cent. The danger signal of the service is not, indeed, infallible, but it is seldom disregarded; and when it is, the consequences are not unfrequently disastrous."

"Did not the Huron disregard the danger signal?"

"With a strange perversity she ignored the signal at Norfolk."

"The Metropolis also?"

"Yes. The vessel that goes to sea in the face of our danger signal braves possible disaster."

"How many miles of telegraph-wire does the service operate, General?"

"We operate five thousand in the wildest regions of the American continent, through Texas and Dakota and Washington Territory. We have 1,300 miles alone in Texas, and the whole 5,000 miles have been built by ourselves."

"What is the pay of the men?"

"About \$75 a month, including commutations of various kinds. Every official is a member of the United States Army."

"Do you hope to touch the solar system, General?"

"We do, and Pike's Peak, which is three miles high, would make a good post for solar observations. I will now," added the General, "ask Captain Howgate to take charge of you."

In Captain Howgate I encountered an official of the most radiant intelligence, the most winning courtesy, and the most retiring modesty. Speak of himself? No. Of his scientific researches? No. Of his Arctic experiences? No. He would speak of the Signal Service, a service to which he seems utterly devoted.

Ascending to the topmost story, we entered the Instrument Room, a long apartment, partly divided by an arch. The very atmosphere breathed of brain-soothing calculations. I was confronted by an anemograph, which registers the wind continually; by a rain gauge worked by electricity, and so delicate in its operations that it records the 1-400th of an inch; by barometers registering the pressure of the air, showing a change of pressure equal to 1-400th of an inch of mercury; by a barometer registering its changes by electricity, and enabling a barometer in San Francisco to register in New York; by a thermometer also worked by electricity, giving a continuous registration, and showing all the fluctuations of the temperature of the air; by Father Secci's meteorograph; and by Dr. Robinson's anemometer, which is gradually displacing all others on account of its simplicity and accuracy. Here I learned that the cups travel at one-third the velocity of the wind, and that 500 revolutions of a cup registers a mile of wind. In the room is a glass-case, showing in model the different clouds (in wool), their relative altitudes, and the manner in which they are formed.

"Upper currents of air," quothe my cicerone, "have been known to carry ashes sent up by volcanos 1,500 miles, and to drop them after six weeks."

In this case the manner in which the fogs of Newfoundland are formed is shown. In this room are scientific instruments of every sort, shape, size and description, each a marvel in its way, and each doing its marvelous work in solemn silence.

Quitting this apartment, we turned into the Photograph Room, wherein is photographed the action of the barometer and other ometers, and from thence to a wooden shed, called the Instrument Shelter. Here are thermometers, showing the minimum and maximum temperature for the twenty-four hours. Here are instruments so delicate that the heat of the body of the person approaching them affects them. The instruments are set at 11 P. M. A thermometer is set by swinging it round and round at full force, and it is tested from boiling water to melting ice, an error of the 1,000th part of an inch being allowed. We descended to the Report Room, where we found grave, bright-eyed men, straight-backed men, silently engaged in perusing reports, of which 2,000 come in daily. The men are always on duty, the reliefs being 8 to 4, 4 to 11, and 11 to 8: sixteen are on duty during the day and six at night.

From the Report Room we entered the Fact Room, and it is in this apartment that the figures are made up for presentation to the public. The Study Room came next.

Six men, with an officer, work here. The officer comes on duty at 11 P. M., and remains till 1:30 A. M.; the men being relieved so as to come on duty twice in the twenty-four hours. The principal maps are made up in this apartment. No. 1. Showing details of weather over the United States. No. 2. Abnormal change of barometer in United States. No. 3. Actual changes. No. 4. Shows abnormal change of temperature. No. 5. Actual changes. No. 6. is a colored map.

At 1 A. M. the prediction goes to the country. Everything has to be charted and acted on in fifteen minutes. The officer has to predict the weather in a brief quarter of an hour. While the operation of preparing the prediction is taking place, a "translator," who stands at a desk, and who has 4,000 of the 8,000 cipher words by heart, reads the electric messages. This room is the very heart of the Signal Service. It is impossible in the space of this article to do more than to glance at each department in this storehouse of Science; to attempt aught else would lead to confusion worse confounded. Any one room is in itself a study, and in itself worthy a special article.

The Signal Service is one of the supreme triumphs of our century, and a subject of most justifiable pride to the country. As I parted with General Myer and Captain Howgate, a letter was received from Germany asking for the forms of the Signal Service maps, with a view to adopting the *modus operandi* of "Old Probabilities."

Sport in Norway.

NORWAY must be a sort of sportsman's paradise. Among the game which his gun can bring down are the tydder, roer, ryper and jerper, which are sufficiently outlandish to English ears. The tydder is the bird known of old in Scotland by the name of capercaille. The cock is a noble bird, of the size of a turkey-cock, with a bill and claws of great strength. The roer is the female, and in size, plumage and appearance so different from the male that it has received a different name. The ryper is the Scottish ptarmigan, but larger and better clothed. The jerper is a delicate bird for the table, of the grouse species, and about the size of a full-grown pigeon. Woodcocks are also abundant and of delicious flavor.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Rev. Ballard Thompson, late pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville, is going to Brazil as a missionary.

PROFESSOR DARWIN has received from the Turin Academy of Science a prize of 12,000 lire for his discoveries in the physiology of plants.

THE new Senator (Gorman) of Maryland, used to be president of the National Base-Ball Club of Washington, and is renowned as a good "catcher."

PROFESSOR DAVID DUNCAN, of Spartanburg, S. C., has presented his valuable classical library of 1,200 volumes to Woodford College, at that place.

THE Committee on Elections of Harvard College have presented a report favorable to the eligibility of the Rev. Dr. Bellows for membership in the board.

THE late William Ripley, of Columbus, Ohio, left \$75,000 to Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., to sustain a chair to be called the Ripley professorship.

MISS TH. PETURSSON, a daughter of the bishop of Reykjavik, Iceland, has made an ascent of the great volcano Hecla, for the purpose of getting geological observations.

It is said that the Republicans who desire the nomination of Senator Edmunds to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court are planning to secure the present retirement of Judge Hunt on full pay.

THE Wittesbachers, who trace their ancestry to Duke Arnold, about 1180, and said to be the oldest reigning dynasty in Europe, intend to celebrate their seven hundredth anniversary this year.

M. TURGENEV has been obliged to give up his project of passing the winter in Russia for the purpose of studying the state of affairs there; he received an intimation from high quarters that he had better not.

THE Emperor William himself went about Berlin before Christmas buying presents for his trusted friends and servants. Day after day his carriage stood waiting for him before the fashionable shops in which his elderly Majesty was rummaging.

MRS. ANNA OLDHAM COOK, whose husband sacrificed his life last year in seeking to save the fever-stricken people of Hickman, Ky., has been elected State Librarian by the Kentucky Legislature. The widow of a deceased Confederate soldier is State Librarian in Tennessee.

THE senior peer of the British realm is Lord Kilmorey, an Irish peer, aged ninety-two, about the gayest vicar of his day. He is grandfather of Lord Newry, so well known in the theatrical world. Lord Kilmorey has large estates in England and in the North of Ireland, but never goes near either of them. He lives near London.

Mrs. ROGERS, a cousin of Richard Cobden, is the prodigy in the last examinations at Oxford University, England. She outstripped all the other students in Greek and Latin. Her knowledge in other branches is quite as wonderful. After passing her examinations she was at once appointed lecturer in Somerville Hall, one of the Oxford buildings for women students.

WILKIN COLLINS, the English novelist, is fifty-five years old, and his father was a landscape painter of considerable fame, who named his son Wilkie, after the Scotch artist. Young Collins studied law. His first novel was written when he was twenty-six years old. He wrote "The Woman in White" when he was thirty-six. He is a hard and painstaking writer.

THE Duke of Devonshire graduated at Cambridge when twenty-one, as second wrangler, thus only missing by one place the very highest honor the University can bestow, and Smith's prizeman—an honor only second to first wrangler, and generally going with it—and the same year was returned as one of the representatives in Parliament of the University, an honor without a parallel in a man of his years.

Mrs. J. J. ASTOR has sent out recently from the office of the Children's Aid Society a "New Year party" of 100 homeless children to homes in the West and South, at an expense of \$1,500. This makes, during seven years, a total number of 677 homeless children whom this generous friend of the poor has placed in homes mainly in the West, at an expense of \$9,750. Many of these lads have now grown up, having farms of their own and doing well in the world.

THE cable announces the death of Frederic Christian, Duke of Schleswig Holstein, in the fifty-first year of his age. During the long European debate over the Schleswig-Holstein question the late Duke, as Prince Frederic, took an active part in maintaining the rights of his house. His father finally renounced them in his favor. He was a Bavarian major-general, and by his wife, a princess of Hohenlohe, he leaves four daughters and one son, the latter, Ernest, now Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, being in his seventeenth year.

ONE of the life-saving stations on the California coast has been officially named the Maggie Geddes. This is a recognition of the bravery of Maggie Geddes of San Antonio. She is only nine years old. Seeing a young playmate fall down a high embankment into a millrace, she instantly jumped after her. The water was deep, and ran swiftly towards a large wheel; but Maggie was a good swimmer, and by a desperate struggle got ashore with her playmate. Such coolness and courage were deemed worthy of special honor.

QUEEN VICTORIA has placed in her pew at Whippingham Church a memorial medallion of the late Princess Alice, bearing this affectionate inscription: "To the dear memory of Alice Maud Mary, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, Grand Duchess of Hesse, who departed this life in her thirty-sixth year, on the anniversary of her beloved father's death, December 14th, 1878. 'Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.'—St. Matthew v., 8. This monument is placed by her sorrowing mother, Queen Victoria. 1879."

MR. GEORGE H. STUART, the Philadelphia philanthropist and merchant prince, whose business embarrassment has been reported, will retire altogether from business. Among the articles in his Philadelphia office are several large chests containing letters of the United States Christian Commission, and a box full of watches and valuables, which agents of this commission found upon the bodies of dead soldiers on the battlefield, but which, though advertised and otherwise brought within the reach of claimants, had any existed, could never find



THE LAST SUBJECT ACCEPTED FOR ILLUSTRATION BY MR. FRANK LESLIE—MORNING SERVICE IN THE HOUSE OF THE HOLY COMFORTER, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY MISS GEORGIE DAVIS.



M. DE FREYCINET, NEW PRIME MINISTER OF FRANCE.

A FREE HOME FOR INCURABLES.

THE HOUSE OF THE HOLY COMFORTER, NEW YORK CITY.

A SMALL and unpretentious dwelling-house in Twenty-third Street was thrown open last September as a Free Home to that most to be pitied class of our population known as incurables. A Sister of the Episcopal Church opened the Home, with no other capital or earnest of help than the sanction of the Bishop and some clergymen, one month's rent in advance, and her faith in the hearty co-operation of the generous public of New York. Her plan was to afford a quiet and permanent asylum to that large class of incurable sufferers whose social status raises them above the average Ward's Island patient, but whose circumstances will not permit them to pay the weekly board charged by the institution at Fordham; and to combine with this a training-school for servants, where girls of from eight to fourteen years might be received and instructed in housework, besides being subjected to the wholesome influence of good moral discipline and religious training. So far the Sister's work has been well and successfully carried on.

The Home is small, but it shelters already nineteen inmates, the patients comprising women of all ages from eighty years to nineteen. Women crippled with rheumatism, helpless from paralysis, and fading away in the slow stages of consumption, have their quiet refuge here from all those ills and discomforts and terrors of poverty which press so heavily on the sick. The wards, though necessarily small, are bright and sunny, and, in spite of their plain appointments, have a very cheerful and home-like air, while the stillness and quiet and order of the place are in themselves like soothing medicine. The kind little Sister who started and organized the work is, of course, the presiding spirit, and, in spite of the cares and anxieties on her hands and heart, seems as cheerful and sunny as the rooms.

On the parlor floor is the ward devoted to the most helpless patients, and, separated from it by folding doors, is the little chapel where week-day and Sunday services are held, and where the solemn burial service of the church is read over those who have passed away. One has already occurred in the Home, since its opening in September. The windows are covered and darkened with a heavy curtain, and the simple furnishing of the room consists of the altar and reading desk, which, when we visited the Home, had just been dressed with their Christmas garlands of green. The morning and evening prayers of the church are daily read by the Sister, while the Sunday services—always including the Holy Communion—are conducted by Doctor Houghton, the spiritual adviser of the Home. Apart from its deeper significance, no more touching sight could well be imagined than one of these services, when the doors are thrown open and the darkened chapel forms a background to the long, sunny ward, crowded with those who are able to come downstairs to prayers, and those who join in them while they lie upon their beds of pain.

The work of the wards is done chiefly by the six young girls now in training in the Home. A class for instruction in dress-making and plain sewing has been formed, and numbers thirty pupils, and free dinners are given three days in the week to fifteen outside patients. Thus the little Home stretches its helping hand to sixty-seven needy persons, and, to do this, its annual expenses must amount to four thousand dollars. It is earnestly hoped by the Sister, not only that this sum will be contributed from year to year by the thoughtful and charitable, but that larger means will be furnished her to extend the good work, and that increased accommodations may, before long, be provided for the many patients who cannot be received in the present building. It is certain that the charity need only be more widely known to insure its hearty and sufficient support.

M. DE FREYCINET,
HEAD OF THE NEW
FRENCH MINISTRY.

TALL, thin, pale, with sharp, almost emaciated features, quick in his movements, striking in mien, sober in words, precise and deliberate in all he does—such is physically the future President of the Council to whom the President of the French Republic committed the formation of a new Ministry. For in France, as in England, a parliamentary defeat requires a change of Cabinet. The President cannot, as with us, continue a Ministry whose policy the legislative chambers condemn.

M. de Freycinet is a distinguished engineer, accustomed to national affairs, an eminent organizer, and above all, a quick, practical business man, used to command. His political career corresponds with his character. Business drew him into public affairs during the terrible war of 1870-71. The transition was sudden. From directing the transportation of goods, he assumed that of armies and war material, developing rare administrative powers.

In Parliament he has acquired a great authority which has stood the test of strong opposition. There is every evidence that the Cabinet formed by him will be thoroughly practical, active and energetic, not swayed by vague ideas or Utopian plans. M. de Freycinet is Minister of Foreign Affairs; Lepere, Minister of the Interior; General

Farre, Minister of War; and Admiral Jauréquier, Minister of Marine. M. Waddington declined the English Embassy.

HON. JAMES A. GARFIELD.

HON. JAMES A. GARFIELD, at present member of Congress from the Nineteenth Ohio District, was elected United States Senator on January 13th, to succeed Hon. Allen G. Thurman, whose term expires on March 3d, 1881. He is a native of Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, and was forty-eight years old last November. In 1856 he graduated from William's College, Mass., and immediately after entered upon the study of law, completing the usual course, and in due season engaging in its practice. He was a member of the State Senate of Ohio in 1859-60, and laid down his newly-acquired political honors early in 1861 to accept the commission of Colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers, with which regiment he entered the Union Army. In January, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of

Brigadier-General, and soon after was appointed Chief of Staff of the Army of the Cumberland. In the following year he was promoted to the rank of Major-General.

He first took his seat in Congress in 1862, and has been a prominent member of the House ever since, serving at times upon the committees on Military Affairs, Ways and Means, Banking and Currency, Appropriations and Rules. He was one of the House members of the Electoral Commission appointed to adjudicate upon the disputed points in the Presidential election of November, 1876.

His election as United States Senator has given much satisfaction throughout his State, and was the occasion for hearty congratulation from his fellow-Congressmen, irrespective of party. It is needless to remark that the new Senator is known as a Republican of the stanchest kind.

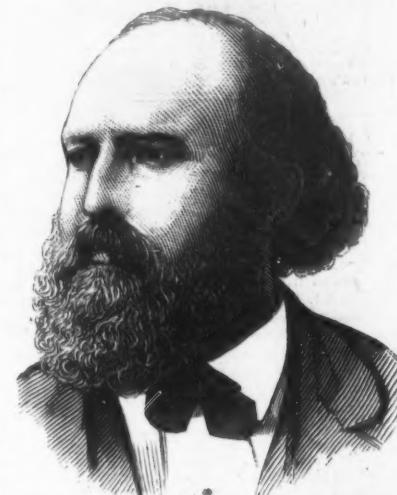
Take, for example, the builders' strike and lockout in London, in 1859. It is said that about 94,000 men were thrown out of work in the first instance; of these certainly not one-half ever applied for any relief; the highest number ever paid strike-pay was 9,812; and these diminished so rapidly, that at the end of the seventh week 5,779 only were on the funds. The whole of the other men must therefore have obtained employment elsewhere. At that time the total number of artisans and laborers interested in the result of the contest was between 40,000 and 50,000 men. So that while from 10,000 to 6,000 were engaged in the struggle, at least five times that number expected to be recipients of the benefit, if a victory was scored. After spending upwards of £50,000, besides the loss in wages, the men were compelled to yield; but in reality they won the Saturday half-holiday, and have enjoyed it ever since. At this moment not fewer than 100,000 workmen cease work at twelve o'clock on Saturdays who

SLEIGHING ON CENTRAL AVENUE.

THE sleigh-bells ring cheerily out on the frosty air, and Central Avenue is black with fast trotters and crack teams, and sleighs of every sort, shape, size and description that cut merrily over the glistening snow. The "hi, hi, hi" of the knowing ones as they urge their willing horses onwards has music in it. The crackle of the hard snow has music in it. Everybody is joyous in the keen bracing atmosphere, and diamonds hang upon mustaches and beards—diamonds presented to his faithful subjects by King Frost. What a sight is Central Avenue! What a wealth of horseflesh, of vehicles, of costly furs, sables worth a Jew's ransom; sealskins fit for the Princess of Trebisond; buffalo robes, possum rugs, bearskin aprons. Now the railway king flashes past, pressed closely by an outsider. Now a pair of spanking horses, driven at their utmost stretch and as they used to be at the Olympian games, disappear almost ere they come into sight. Now a trim little cob attached to a trim little sleigh scoots in and out, always escaping by the breadth of a five-cent piece. Blacks, grays, chestnuts, roans, all in superb condition, all in rapport with the musical jangling of their bells, come and go and gladden the evening air. Some sorry nags, too, may be counted in the throng, Roman nosed and, like Mr. Winkle's famous steed, displaying great symmetry of bone—Jean starvelings who for the nonce feel elevated by the frost and the sleigh-bells. Gabe Case's celebrated hostelry is alive with bearded, blue-nosed, red-cheeked, watery-eyed men, who demand hot Tom and Jerry in frozen voices. Here are the merits of the teams discussed as the grateful beverage goes down, and here wagers are riveted that will make the spin home "a caution." Out again into the frosty evening, where the good steeds champ their bits and the bells tinkle melodiously, and, with smacking of lips and great readjusting of wraps, the sleighs turn towards Gotham. Away! and off they go at a pace that seems fleet as the wind, past cheery pedestrians who give them a cheery "hi," past horses that have given out, past teams lying in wait who endeavor in vain to pick up, past houses like a flash, past everything like the arrow from the bow—and until the city is reached, when the jog-trot becomes the order of the day. Bravo, King Frost, your majesty's carnival means health and diversion!

COST OF LARGE STRIKES.

VARIOUS estimates have been hazarded with regard to the actual cost in money, and losses sustained in wages, in these gigantic struggles. Supposing that the very highest of such estimates are not exaggerations, have not the men some kind of set-off for all this expenditure? In a very few cases they may not, but in the majority they have,



HON. JAMES A. GARFIELD, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OHIO.

but for that prolonged contest might still be working until four o'clock, at even less pay than they now receive. The value in money of three hours per week for eighteen years, by the whole of the building operatives in London, is almost incalculable. At the lowest computation it represents a net gain to them of £562,500 a year, if not in money, at least in money's worth.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF 1879.

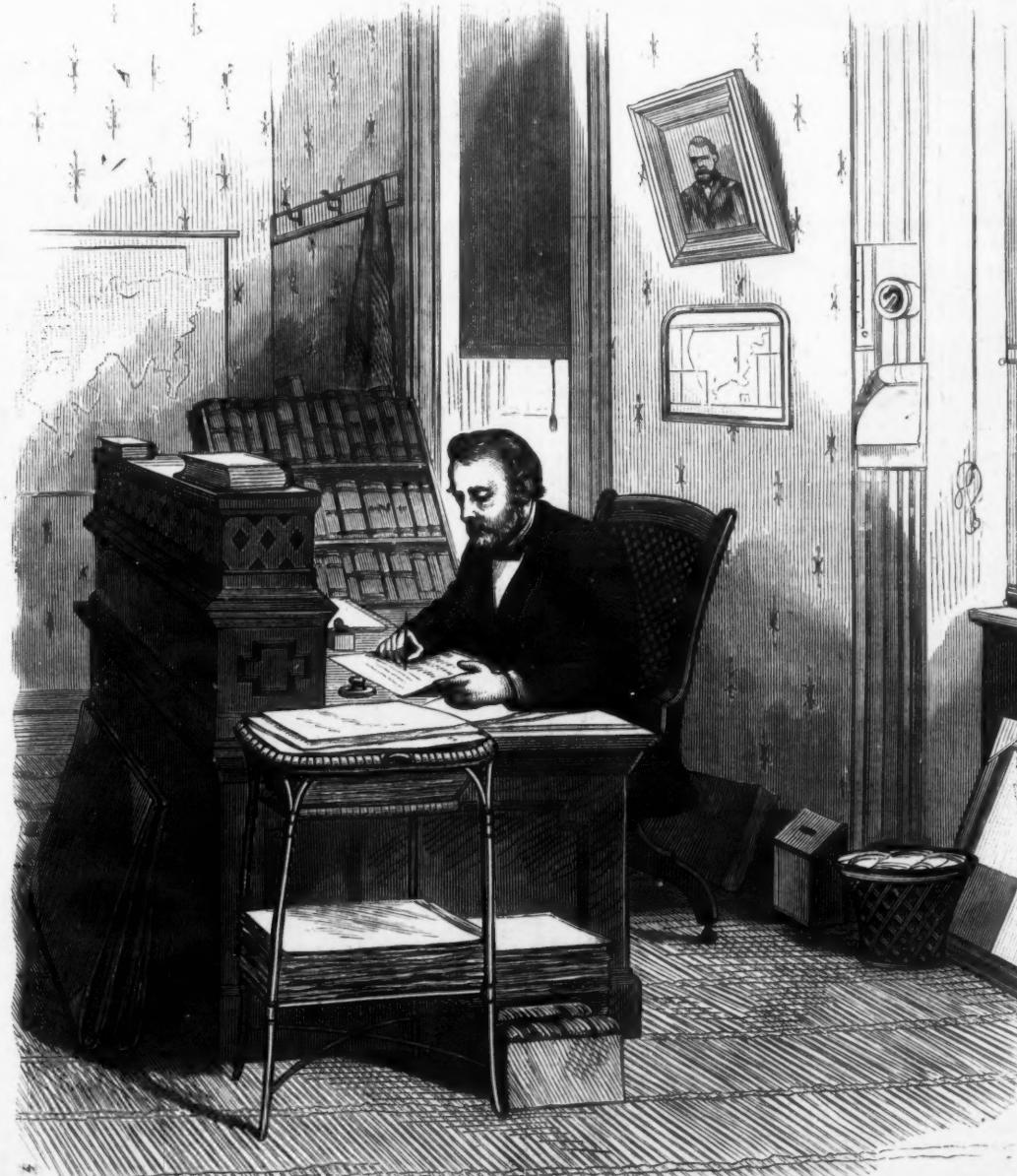
HISTORICAL works lead the way everywhere in importance. Belgium makes, as usual, a good showing. Bohemia and Denmark exhibits increased activity. France, strong in historical research, has produced little of value in philosophy. A furor for reprints of eighteenth-century poetry and fiction is noted as a curious phase of taste. There are but three or four novels of note, and Victor Hugo's "Pitié Suprême" is the only important poem. Germany keeps at her level of earnestness and production in all branches, an advance being noted in the comic drama. Germany here, by the way, includes Austria and other German-speaking nations. A reactionary impulse against the fashionable pessimistic atheism in poetry is observed. Greece has been all but barren. Holland reports fiction of low life and poetry as in fair production. Hungary has a new poem by her greatest poet, John Arany. There is some progress in philology and novels. Italy has principally turned back to examine her literary history; fiction is low; there are a few historical works of interest. Poland has been active in her own history, literary and national; poetry is poor; the drama mostly translations of French demi-monde pieces; the novelists are active. Spain shows genuine improvement in the general range of literature. Sweden has produced biographies, novels and poetry of a not very high order; the advent of Zolaism is noted in fiction.

SILK-GROWING IN CALIFORNIA.

SOME twelve years ago mulberry trees were extensively planted in California. The State undertook an experiment near Davisville, and planted out a large number. In Los Angeles County many private individuals entered into the business. The mulberry-trees grew and prospered, but there was a complete failure in taking care of the silkworms. One reason which may be assigned for this is that it is practically impossible for California in the present condition of society to compete with China, Japan and Italy in the care and culture of these valuable insects. The most successful experiments in sericulture in California have been made in Calaveras and Placer Counties. But these were on a small scale, and therefore did not enter largely into any record of State industries. In those countries from which raw silk is imported women and children are employed in attending to the silkworms, but the wages are so small as to preclude the possibility of American families ever entering into competition with them.

A FORTRESS WITH A HISTORY.

ONE of the most interesting buildings in France is Pierrefonds, the finest example of a French fortress of the beginning of the fifteenth century. In 1616 its Governor, having sided with the nobles, was besieged by the troops of Louis XIII., who breached the walls with cannon, and in the following year it was blown up by Richelieu's orders, in accordance with his plan of destroying the fortresses of disaffected nobles, and remained a ruin until 1858, when Napoleon directed Viollet-le-Duc to begin its restoration, wishing it to be a specimen of the military art of the Middle Ages, and of the abode of a great feudal lord. About \$1,000,000 was spent on it, and the greater part of the restoration was done before



ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.—NO. 14.—INTERVIEW OF OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT WITH GENERAL A. J. MYER, CHIEF OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE—THE GENERAL IN HIS BUSINESS OFFICE AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—SEE PAGE 411.

the late war; for M. Viollet-le-Duc, foreseeing events, hastened on the work. It is a noble pile, and will now probably be at the service of the president.

The Snow in Paris.

SINCE the heavy fall of snow which took place in Paris in the beginning of December, an average number of 17,250 workmen, with 3,976 wagons and carts and 7,500 horses, have been daily employed in clearing the streets. Despite, however, the large number of laborers engaged, the work has proceeded but slowly. It is calculated that during the storms on December 6th and 8th, seven and a half million cubic metres of snow fell in Paris, while during the sixteen days between the last downfall and Christmas Day only 670,000 cubic metres could be carried away. The most rapid way of getting rid of the snow was found to be to melt it by scattering salt over it; but this method was also found to be too costly to be employed except along the tramways and some of the most frequented thoroughfares. A vast number of other expedients were suggested, and several were tried, but none proved practicable.

What Chewing-gum is Made of.

We have it upon common report that chewing-gum is a substance well known to the youthful part of the community. The qualities which it possesses at the time that it comes from the confectionery are all familiar to the youngest of us. It certainly seems a very attractive edible. The reason for this is not so hard to find. Think how much eating there is in it in proportion to actual weight and cash value. But there is more in chewing-gum than is dreamed of even in juvenile philosophy. One can easily comprehend the main ingredients of candy, but who, without being told, would suspect that chewing-gum is often only a refined product of petroleum? The time was when the fragrant spruce furnished the most common material for the purpose. But this is no longer the case. The reader familiar with the process of refining coal-oil is aware that the thick, brown liquid which comes from the earth, at one stage of its manufacture is strained through heavy linen cloths. The residuum left after this operation is a dirty, brownish yellow wax, that smells abominable. That unpromising substance, melted, bleached, deodorized, and prepared for commerce, appears in masses that weigh about one hundred pounds, resembling oblong blocks of clouded ice. It has no odor, and no taste except what belongs to any wax in its purest state. It may be used for many purposes, but it is not necessary to describe them now. The manufacturer of chewing-gum purchases these blocks ready made to his hand, and at once melts them down. To the hundred pounds of wax he adds about thirty pounds of sugar, and gives the mixture a flavor by the use of some essential oil, as lemon or vanilla, and, perhaps, adds some coloring matter. The melted mass is poured out upon a clean marble slab and cut in the various shapes known to masticators.

The youthful epicure rarely becomes so luxurious as to demand balsam of tolu, but if he does, the manufacturer is ready for him. This resin, which is obtained from South America, is at first in an almost fluid condition. It is the product of a tree known as—now hold your jaw, for the name is worse than a whole box of chewing-gum—*myrsinum toluiferum*. This balsam is boiled by the manufacturer until finally it is brought to such a consistency that it can be run through rollers. It comes out in the shape of a little slender rod, of a brownish-yellow color, which is cut into pieces, each about two or two and a half inches long. The balsam may sometimes be mixed with a less costly wax, since its flavor is very marked.

The balsam from the "chicle" tree, from Central America, is used in making what is known as snapping-gum. It is very ductile when worked and moistened, and the process of making is similar to that of pulling taffy. The original gum exudes from the tree and forms in a mass sometimes several pounds in weight. Even in this natural state it would be a very satisfactory substance to keep the teeth at work. It cannot be worn out.

FUN.

COURTSHIP is a draw game—marriage is a tie.

A TEN-CENT ante is better than no relation at all.

MANY a mortgager, though poor in money, is rich in deed.

The greatest fault of some bank cashiers seems to be default.

It's a wise bird that knows its own feather when the milliner gets hold of it.

WHEN a man rushes from his club into the street in a towering passion it's an out-rage.

NEW YORK people are supposed to be ordinarily sharp, yet they are being continually taken in by French flats.

A PHYSIOMONIST says that large ears denote generosity, which is probably the reason why a mule squanders his hind legs.

"WELL, Billy," said an old farmer, "when you take off that 'ere hat and spit two or three times, there ain't much of you left, is there?"

WHEN a key was called for and the gentleman pulled out a cork-worm, some one remarked that that was the key that unlocked his gait.

PARNELL, the Irish agitator, pronounces his name with the accent on the first syllable. He wants to keep at par, and not sound his own bell.

HOST (lamenting): "The vintage is dead failure, and no wine will be got this year." Sympathetic Friend: "Ah, it brings the water in one's eyes to think it; but let's drink to its success."

PELIM (to tourist, who has taken shelter in a leaky shebeen): "Dude, and it's soaked to the bone you'll be gettin' wid the shrimps through the roof. Come outside, sorr: it's drier in the twel'."

AN INFANTILE SELL—Effe—"Now I'm the clock. I'll tick, and you tell me when to strike, aunty! Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick," etc., etc., "Now strike!" Effie boxes her aunty's ears.

"Do animals resist temptation?" asks Popular Science, and the editor theorizes on the subject for three hours, instead of going out and making a practical experiment by shaking a red rag at a goat,

A WASHERWOMAN, being such a regular and attentive listener at church, was commended by her pastor. "Yes," said she, "after my hard day's work is done, I git so rested to come to church and sit tight about nothing."

"AND how is your neighbor, Mrs. Brown?" inquired one nicely dressed lady of another. "She's well enough, I suppose. I haven't seen her to speak to her for six weeks." "Why, I thought you were on the most friendly terms." "Well, we used to be; but we've exchanged servants."

JOCKEY—"That horse knows me, sir. He always goes it when I'm behind him." Robbins (who has a way of thinking aloud)—"Yes, I should think he would want to get away from you as fast as possible."

TRAVELER—"Here, waiter, take this steak away and give it to the poor. It's as tough as—" Waiter blandly—"We've never had no complaints, sir." Traveler—"No; because that wretched old cow had 'em all."

AMERICANS TRAVELING ABROAD
will find all of DR. PIERCE'S FAMILY MEDICINES on sale in all principal drug stores and at the London branch of the World's Dispensary, Great Russell Street Buildings. Golden Medical Discovery is a most potent alterative or blood-cleansing elixir. It dispels all humors and cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, king's evil, or scrofula, enlarged glands, swellings, internal soreness, ulcers, and virulent blood poisons that, unremoved, rot out the vital machinery. Dr. Pierce's Pellets (little sugar-coated pills) are an agreeable and most cleansing cathartic; remove offensive and acid accumulations, thereby preventing fevers and kindred afflictions. World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors, Buffalo and London.

SALT RHEUM

On Face, Head and Parts of Body. Head covered with Scabs and Sores.

MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER.—I commenced to use your Cuticura last July. Have only used one large and one small box, and one bottle of the Resolvent. My face and head and some parts of my body were almost raw. My head was covered with scabs and sores, and my suffering was fearful.

I had tried everything I had heard of in the East and West. My case was considered a very bad one. One very skillful physician said he would rather not treat it, and some of them think now I am only cured temporarily. I think not, for I have not a particle of Salt Rheum about me, and my case is considered wonderful. My case has been the means of selling a great many of your Cuticura Remedies in this part of the country. Respectfully yours,

Mrs. S. E. WHIPPLE.

DECATUR, MICH., November 17th, 1878.

OH, how refreshing, palatable and reviving is a draught of cool water with HOP BITTERS in it, to a fever patient!

HALFORD TABLE SAUCE.—A genuine relish. Exactly suited to all tastes and all conditions of people.

HOARSENESS.—All suffering from Irritation of the Throat and Hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

BURNETT'S COCAINE, for promoting the growth of and beautifying the Hair, and rendering it dark and glossy. The COCAINE holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized COCONUT OIL, prepared expressly for this purpose. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.

ALL monthly prostration and suffering by ladies is avoided by using HOP BITTERS a few days in advance.

INSURE against accidents by the day, month or year, with any agent of THE TRAVELERS.

"WHERE shall I stop?" is the query frequently put by the visitor to New York. This question can easily be settled in favor of the ST. NICHOLAS hotel, now, as ever, the leader among metropolitan hostelleries. Its furniture, fittings, apartments, conveniences and table, are, beyond comparison, the most suited to please the fastidious taste. Rates only \$3.50 per day, the *ante-bellum* price.

EPPS'S COCOA. GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—*Civil Service Gazette*.

Sold only in soldered tins, $\frac{1}{2}$ and lb., labeled.

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists,

LONDON, ENG.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS

An excellent appetizing tonic, of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole civilized world, cures dyspepsia, diarrhoea, fever and ague, colics, and all disorders of the digestive organs.

Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. HANCOX, U.S. Sole Agent, 51 Broadway, New York. P. O. Box 2,610, New York.

JOHN HOLLAND'S Patent Record GOLD PEN

Patented Oct. 2, 1872.

Is the highest achievement in the manufacture of Gold Pens and the result of experiments for more than twenty years. The "RECORD" Pen is produced by a skillful combination of the two precious and non-corrosive metals; 16 kr. Gold and Platinum, while the ordinary gold pen contains an alloy of copper, reducing its fitness without yielding that elasticity, density and steel-like temper which the costly Platinum supplies. The "RECORD" Gold Pen Points are of the best Iridium. (Diamonds.) Indestructible, with fair treatment, and polished to glass like smoothness.

Steel pen writers have now every objection to gold fairly overcome, and every requirement in a Pen which will endure and not oxidize, squarely met.

The "RECORD" Gold Pen is guaranteed to possess Durability, Permanency of Spring and Perfection of Point. Price, \$2.50, sold by all Jewelers and Stationers in the United States. If not found order direct from JOHN HOLLAND,

Manufacturer, 19 W. 4th St., Cincinnati.

TO THE PUBLIC.

BOKER'S BITTERS.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS AND IMITATIONS

In accordance with the desire frequently expressed, both in the United States and abroad, these Bitters, so long and justly celebrated for their fineness as a cordial, end for their medicinal virtues against all diseases of, or arising from, the digestive organs, will henceforth be put up and sold not only in quart, but

ALSO IN PINT BOTTLES,

for medicinal, family, traveling and other purposes, to be had at all the principal druggists', grocers', liquor-merchants', etc. L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, New York, 78 John Street. Post Office Box 1,029.

NO MORE RHEUMATISM

GOUT OR GRAVEL. Schlumberger is the only patentee in France. L. A. Paris, 134 6th Ave., his only agent for the celebrated French Salicylates, which relieve immediately, cure in four days, without dangerous consequences, their purity being controlled according to French law by the Board of Pharmacy of Par. Beware. The genuine has red seal and signature of agent on each box. One dollar, postage free. Send stamp for pamphlet. Thousands of references.

Thirty-second Annual Report OF THE PENN MUTUAL Life Insurance Co. of PHILADELPHIA.

Net Assets, January 1st, 1879 \$6,309,580.46

RECEIPTS.

Premium receipts \$1,054,861.11

Interest receipts, etc. 873,978.68 \$1,428,239.79

Total \$1,731,820.25

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses and endowments \$448,891.79

Dividends to policy-holders 234,519.23

Lapsed and surrendered policies, etc. 187,357.41

Commissions, salaries, medical fees, agency expenses, etc. 163,058.42

Taxes, legal expenses, advertising, etc. 61,431.16 \$1,095,358.01

Net Assets, January 1st, 1880 \$6,642,462.24

ASSETS.

U. S. 5 and 6 per cent bonds, Philadelphia and city loans, R. R. bonds, bank, and other stocks, worth \$2,605,175.50

Mortgages, first liens on properties, worth \$6,299,290.00

Premium notes, secured by policies 2,442,594.53

Loans on collaterals, etc. 672,158.61

Real estate, bought to secure loans, and Home Office 283,7.0.05

Cash on hand and in Trust Companies 554,590.06

Net ledger assets, as above 275,067.39

Surplus 4 per cent, basis 1,126,003.46 \$7,001.00

Reserve at 4% per cent, to re-insure risks 1,502,371.33

Number of policies in force 11,189

Amount at risk \$29,678,033.00

LIABILITIES.

Losses reported, but not due \$12,133.00

Reserve, at 4 per cent, to re-insure risks 5,716,861.00

Dividends on unreported policies, etc. 65,819.38

Surplus 4 per cent, basis 1,126,003.46 \$7,001.00

Reserve at 4% per cent, Pennsylvania and New York standard \$1,502,371.33

Number of policies in force 11,189

Amount at risk \$29,678,033.00

SAMUEL C. HUEY, President.

EDWARD M. NEEDLES, Vice-President.

H. S. STEPHENS, 2d Vice-President.

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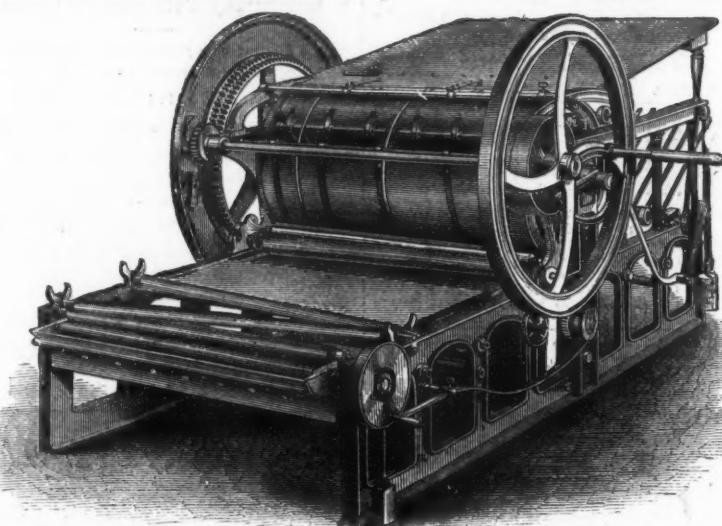
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